

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XVI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1887.

No. 4.

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Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN ARLINGTON.

--"Penelope" Jan. 28.

The question of town officers is being quietly discussed.

The T. A. S. Ball Club is arranging for a grand benefit party in Town Hall.

Y. P. S. Club entertainment at Universalist Vestry next Friday evening.

A new barber has taken possession of the little building opposite our office.

The soldiers' monument remains in status quo during this rigorous weather.

Sunday school concert at the Baptist church, next Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock.

The advantages of the double track on the steam railroad have been very apparent during recent storms.

Opera, music and reading at Universalist church, Jan. 28. Admissions 25 and 15 cents.

The January thaw which struck us this morning caused a suspension of ice cutting on Spy Pond.

The Cotting H. S. A. A. has arranged for their annual reunion, and announces Feb. 15 as the date.

The new Young Men's Catholic Union will have a party in Town Hall at an early date.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., of Lexington, will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church, Pleasant street, next Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Gray, of the Universalist church, will exchange pulpits with Rev. Mr. Marsh, of Winchester, next Sunday morning.

The entertainment now in process of preparation to be given in the Universalist church will probably be one of the most enjoyable of the whole season.

This evening the Social Club of the Universalist church will have a sleigh ride, after which they will take supper at the Massachusetts House, at Lexington.

A miss is as good as a mile; but if the miss is not around, a No. 7 cigar will shorten a walk wonderfully. Try one, at Whittemore's drug store.

The work of harvesting the ice crop on Spy Pond has been pushed vigorously this week, and a large space has been cleared away in filling the large buildings near the foot of Linwood street.

Cyrus H. Cutter is a member of the Raymond excursion which left for the far west the early part of this week. We wish him a prosperous and pleasant journey and a safe return.

Wednesday morning the glass in many places in town indicated as low as 16° below zero. It was the snap of the season, so far, and we hope there will be no more like it.

We have men among us, not now actively employed in business matters, who could materially aid the growth of our town if they would devote some of their leisure to that end.

A sudden illness (rheumatism) prevented Dr. Mason from occupying his pulpit last Sunday. A substitute was secured from Winchester, Sunday morning.

The Statue of Liberty, enlightening the world, is 320 feet high. Six days in every week there are enough No. 7 cigars sold to reach to the top four times. Sold in Arlington only by O. W. Whittemore.

"Spiritism and Spiritualism," the second of a series of discourses, will be the subject of Prof. Dorchester's morning sermon at the chapel at Arlington Heights, next Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Gray addressed the Reform Club at Winchester, last Sunday afternoon, and preached in the North avenue Universalist church in the evening, in addition to his own pastoral work.

The usual Sunday school concert of the Arlington Baptist Sunday school will be observed next Sunday evening. Services at 6.30 o'clock. E. H. Marston, Esq., of Somerville, will deliver the address. All interested are invited.

Wednesday evening the Debating Club, an organization of young men connected with the Baptist church, with their lady friends, enjoyed a sleigh ride, not the least enjoyable feature of which being the supper at the Massachusetts House, at Lexington.

One effect of Monday's storm of snow, rain and hail was to interrupt travel on the steam railroad. The snow plow went up the road all right, but on its return was delayed two or three hours trying to make the crossing at Arlington avenue, and then met with more serious trouble below Lake street, leaving the rails and completely blocking one track from travel for some time.

The second entertainment of the season under the management of the Six Odd Associates was given in Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, the "Nemo Minstrels," under the management of J. M. Adams, appearing as the attraction, and they were greeted with a full house. It was an old-time negro minstrel performance, introducing no new features, but these very familiar features were well carried out by the company. The four end men and the interlocutor were especially good in the opening, and the singing of the former was received with hearty applause, especially Billy Burke, who had a double encore. His "Pay your respects to McGinniss" was very funny. Master Alfred, a little son of Mr. Adams, sang very nicely and was encored. In the second part Messrs. Hanlon and Burke appeared as clog dancers, and they are entitled to high rank, judging from their appearance. They secured an encore and showed to equal advantage in a new step and fared equally well when they presented the "Darkey Jubilee." Tom Martin, with comic songs and eccentricities, was repeatedly recalled, and then gave place to Mr. Adams and his son, in character sketches, in which the lad won fresh laurels both by singing and acting. The Pythian Four gave a selection of songs, which were well received, and then came the usual closing piece, introducing a portion of the company in a laughable extravaganza entitled "Military Tactics." Financially the affair was a success, and if strong applause is any criterion the audience was well pleased with the variety entertainment offered.

--Do not fail to see "Penelope."

With advantages second to no other town, with less of drawback than the average community in this section, Arlington still moves slowly in the matter of growth. The increase has been, notably of a strong and valuable growth, but with other conditions being equal double the number of equally desirable people might have been induced to make this lovely town their home. We believe the trouble lies in the wealthy and influential in our midst, who, as a class, seem indifferent to all this matter; that if all or only a few of these would form some sort of a business combination the best of good results would come to them and the town be an immense gainer. In towns around us this class of citizens are doing this, and we should be more than happy to chronicle a similar movement here. Why not organize a village improvement society on a permanent basis? Who will set the ball in motion?

Members of St. Joseph's and St. Ann's Temperance Societies, of Somerville, with their friends, called at the residence of P. H. Byron, President of the Arlington T. A. Society, last Tuesday evening and greatly surprised Mr. Byron by presenting him with an elegant easy chair and Mrs. Byron was made the recipient of a handsome rocker. Representative Davlin, of Somerville, made the presentation speech, to which appropriate responses were made. Among those present were William Coveney, Wm. H. Brien, M. Gill and Councilmen Dwyer, O'Brien and Dowd, all of Somerville. Supper was served and all enjoyed a good time until far into the small hours, when they left for home, well pleased with their trip to Medford.

The telegraph announced the death of Mr. Alfred Hobbs, last Saturday, and his father, the aged Dea. John C. Hobbs, has gone to the home of the former at Kinsley, Kansas, to be with the family of his only son in their time of sorrow. Mr. Hobbs made Arlington his home until some eight or nine years ago, when he went West to locate on a rancho, but of late years he has been engaged in a general banking business in the above town. While here he was engaged with his father in the manufacture of splitting knives, and as he was interested in such matters was made chief engineer of the fire department. The deceased leaves a large family of children, the oldest of whom had grown to manhood and was associated with his father in business.

The annual meeting of Arlington Congregational Society was held on Monday evening, but owing to the bad weather the attendance was small. C. M. Hall was chosen clerk; W. A. Taft, Edw. O. Grover, E. B. Lane, parish committee; W. H. Richardson, treasurer and collector; S. A. Fowle, E. O. Grover, W. F. Sprague, music committee; John A. Eason, auditor. Appropriations were, pastor's salary, \$1,800 and use of the parsonage; \$325 for music; \$50 for treas. and collector.

The annual business meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Church will be held in the vestry on Monday evening, January 24, at 7.30 o'clock. Officers will be elected for the ensuing year and reports made of the different departments of church work during the past year.

On Thursday evening, the regular meeting of the Quid Nunc Club, the members were entertained at the home of Mr. Will Hardy, on Lake street. The gathering took the form of a pound party and a most enjoyable time was afforded by the distribution of the packages and comparing their contents when opened.

The musical entertainment announced for next Friday (January 28) evening at the Universalist Vestry under the auspices of the Young People's Social Club promises to be a very fine affair. The performers have been at work for weeks on the operetta. The programme will include two piano duets, a banjo duet, readings by a talented lady reader, and will conclude with the comic operetta, "Penelope," which in itself will be worth more than the price of admission. Remember the date, January 28. Admission: Adults, 25 cents; children under fifteen years, 15 cents.

Mr. Mark Allen, publisher of the Woburn Advertiser, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the new Directory of that town, recently issued from his office. The growth of the town is well illustrated in the additional names it contains, and the business directory shows a marked gain over former years. We think the work is deserving of a larger degree of encouragement than it received from the business houses. They would have found it for their advantage to have aided Mr. Allen by liberal advertising in its pages.

Mrs. O. J. Derby's establishment will be reopened on Saturday. The store to be opened in connection with Mrs. D.'s dressmaking establishment is to be a millinery store where all that is latest in style an material will be furnished numerous patrons.

Mr. Benjamin Cutter, a violinist of rare excellence, desires to procure pupils desiring instruction on that instrument. His card appears in our advertising columns.

Arlington Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold its prayer meeting in the vestry of the Orthodox church, Sunday evening, at six o'clock. Subject: "Be thankful." All are invited.

Belmont Happenings.

At a meeting of the Belmont Savings Bank, Thursday evening of last week, Mr. W. L. Cheney was re-elected treasurer.

A very gay party of thirty enjoyed a fine moonlight drive to Bedford on Thursday evening of last week. A fine supper awaited the company on its arrival at the hotel.

Work on the Catholic church progressed rapidly during the fine weather, but the recent storms have deterred operations.

Rumor has it that although the sub-committee of five have submitted a very favorable report to the Water Board, it will be fully a year before the town will have a water supply. It should be remembered, however, that the town is quite without protection in case of fire, but it is hoped that a second Eastport experience will not be necessary before precautions will be taken.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle will give two more entertainments during the season.

A gang of safe burglars operated successfully on the Belmont Savings Bank, Tuesday night. They entered through a window into the Town Hall, in which building the bank is located. The bank and town safes were skillfully opened. From the latter nothing was taken, but the bank lost the following papers: \$1,000 in Fitchburg railroad five per cent. bonds, No. 441, registered, and \$500 Mansfield & Framingham railroad bond, unregistered, coupons attached to both. Payment is stopped on the former, but the latter is negotiable; three shares of the Hide and Leather National Bank of Boston; four shares of the Traders' National Bank of Boston; five shares of the Third National Bank of Boston, the value of the bank shares being \$1,500. On these shares payment has been stopped. A dividend from the bank of 2 per cent. was due Wednesday and was paid. There is evidence that the robbers first broke into the gate tender's house near the station and stole from there a lantern. The fact that a dividend was to be paid the following day doubtless led the thieves to suppose a considerable sum in ready money would be found in the bank vaults, but in this they were disappointed. The President, Hon. J. V. Fletcher, provided against any contingency in case of a panic because of the robbery, by placing ample funds of his own at the bank's disposal, but there was no loss of confidence in consequence of the robbery.

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Our streets have been filled, night as well as day, with sleigh riders, and Lexington is quite a popular resort for sleighing parties. We are informed that for many successive evenings the Willard House has entertained a large number of guests from Boston, Cambridge and other places.

Where is the toboggan slide in our village? If Governor Ames has lent his approval to this exhilarating amusement, and enjoyed the slide so heartily that he tried it several times, until he became a most proficient tobogganist, everybody now will be anxious to follow in the footsteps of the chief magistrate, though the goal to be reached lies downward rather than upward.

The ceiling to our Village Hall has been papered, which is a decided improvement.

At the last meeting of the East Lexington Choral Society, Mr. Leavitt (in behalf of the members) presented Mr. James H. Fizzle, their musical director, with a beautiful silver-mounted ebony baton, as an appreciation of his efforts with the society. The bestowal of the gift was a genuine surprise to the recipient, who was so much overcome that for a moment he was unable to respond, but after recovering himself he thanked them heartily for their valuable present. The baton was appropriately engraved. J. H. Fizzle, from E. L. C. S.

Boston has plenty of crowing and cackling this week, and it has been suggested that probably "the cock that crowed at morn to waken the priest all shaven and shorn" in the house that Jack built would have some of his descendants at the exhibition. Many of our people are interested in this poultry show, and one of the executive committee is Mr. E. Butterfield, of East Lexington, who exhibits about forty of his hen family. The raising of poultry is a very important industry, and no wonder, when it is estimated that the annual consumption of poultry and eggs in the United States is \$495,000,000 worth.

One evening last week a meeting was held in the reading room of those who are interested in forming a reading circle. It was organized by electing Miss E. O. Rowe, president; Miss Nellie Underwood, vice-president; Miss Gertrude Pierce, secretary; and Miss Nellie Holbrook, treasurer. Thirteen were present, and more will join. This evening the members met and passed the time very pleasantly in reading from "Washington Irving's Sketch Book." Such an organization in any village is not only a benefit to those connected with it, but its influence is felt throughout the community. A discussion of the author's meaning, or essays on the book, written by the members, have proved very profitable at such gatherings in other places.

Sunday was unusually pleasant, and so there was no excuse to stay at home from church. Rev. C. A. Staples preached from these words: "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand; stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of righteousness." Eph. vi.: 14-15.

There was a good attendance at the praise meeting in the evening. Much of the time was occupied in singing, but Rev. Mr. Branigan based his remarks on the words found in Gen. i.: 26.

All the teachers met Superintendent Ham and school committee, Monday afternoon, and held another conference in regard to the best methods of instruction.

Most time for our schools to close, and the annual examinations are near at hand.

The snow plow has been obliged to do valiant service this winter, and our cleared sidewalks have proved a blessing to pedestrians, though some of the time the ice has made them a little insecure.

The Electrical Boy's Secret. Several years since, when a certain museum was in full blast, the wonderful Australian electrical boy was on exhibition. The daily parade personified him with fire flashing from all portions of his body. Truly an extraordinary phenomenon, well worth a time to see.

The small boy of the family urged me to take him, which I did. After viewing the various curiosities, I took my place in the "single file" line toward the electrical boy. Feeling confident that there was an African in the wood pile, I determined to see if I did not know a trick worth two of that. Arriving in my turn to the "shaking hands" position, I stepped off of the prepared matting to the dry flooring, which would destroy all electrical connection. I then extended my hand. He declined taking it, requesting me to step in the regular path. I remarked that the distance was the same, but he still declined. I simply said "all right," and quietly retired. In starting up to the monkey room I heard him say something sounding like "up to snuff," but I saw at a glance that he kept his foot upon a small metallic pile leading from a concealed battery. Whenever he grasped another's hand the electrical connection was made through their bodies to the moist or metallic matting, thence to some contact with the earth, and each applicant would receive the full strength of the battery, which the electrical boy also would have to almost constantly "grin and bear," well earning his salary. The crowd kept pouring on him, considering him wonderful, and no doubt thinking me a crank. --Baltimore American.

The Government revenues continue to exceed the estimates nearly \$1,000,000 per day on an average. This certainly shows a substantial business recovery.

A Philadelphia newspaper desires its readers to believe that a large terrapin was nailed in a box and given neither food nor drink for three months, and that when it was taken out it was found to weigh an ounce more than it did when it was put in.

A new industry has been started in Vermont for collecting the cones of the white or spruce pines and extracting the seed from them, which are then sent to France, Germany, and other parts of Europe, to renew the forests there that have been cut down. Each bushel of cones yields about two pounds of seed.

Mr. Robert Capper proposed, in the British Association, a railway to connect the heart of Africa with London in ten days, as "a feat worthy of the age we live in." He would advocate the building of a railway from the two rivers, Niger and Congo, toward each other, and north and south, at the rate of a mile a day, to form a spine through the continent.

A tunnel is projected, to be bored under Gray's Peak in the Rocky Mountains. It will be placed 4,441 feet below the summit of the mountain, will be 25,000 feet (nearly five miles) long, and will give direct communication between the valleys in the Atlantic slope and those of the Pacific side, with a shortening of some three hundred miles in the transmontane distances.

The difficulty of sighting rifles in the dark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore-sight, and another over the rear-sight when used at night in reply to an enemy's fire, forming two luminous sights. The British War Office authorities have had some of these sights under trial for the past six months, and have now given their first order for some.

Professor Baldwin of Dublin places the average yield of milk per cow in England, Ireland and Scotland at 400 gallons a year, and the gross product at 1,600,000,000 gallons a year. Different experts have estimated the average capacity of the cows in the United States at about the same figure, between 3,000 and 3,500 pounds a year. It is only by bearing these figures in mind that one can appreciate the room there is for improvement by introducing improved stock, and considering that the number of cows devoted to butter-making far exceeds that of those devoted to other purposes, the field is practically unlimited.

The Boston Post has been making calculations as to what a man "takes out of himself" when he chases after a moving train. The following conclusions are reached: "The mental disturbance in such cases must add, I should judge, about twenty beats a minute to the action of the heart, so that he who runs for a train at the speed of ten miles a hour is really taking it out of himself at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and if, as must frequently happen, the runner is conscious of this fact, why, then, at least five heart beats more a minute must be added as the effect of such mental introversion, and thus the margin of safety becomes exceedingly small."

About 20,000 people are annually destroyed in India by animals, and of these nineteen are said to be bitten by snakes. The number of human victims tends to increase, in spite of the fact that the number of wild beasts and snakes destroyed has doubled in the last ten years, and that the Government reward paid for their extermination has risen proportionately. Nearly 2 1/2 lakhs of rupees (about \$125,000) were thus paid in 1884. Next to venomous reptiles, tigers claim most victims. Ten years ago wolves, mostly in the Northwest provinces and Oudh, killed five times as many people as of late years; but the extermination of wolves seems to be going on rapidly. Leopards are the alleged cause of death to about 200 human beings annually. Apart from the loss of human life, the returns show an annual destruction of 50,000 head of cattle.

The fact that during the recent cold weather there was much loss of cattle in transportation from Texas to Chicago, leads the New York Tribune to say editorially: "Cattle kept in closely packed cars two or three days without fodder or water necessarily become diseased and consequently unfit for food. Reduced in flesh by starvation, their blood fevered by thirst, their nervous systems disordered by the crowding and jolting on the railroad, these poor creatures are hurried to the stockyards, and often before they have had a chance to repair the fatigue of the journey they are converted into beef. Such meat is not wholesome and should not be marketable. The men who care nothing for the sufferings of dumb beasts, and are reckless as to the effect of putting unwholesome meat on the market, would undoubtedly see the wisdom of treating their cattle with decent humanity if they found that their brutal methods cut down their profits."

R. P. Rockwell, Editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal, who has made a recent visit to the coal and iron regions of Tennessee and Alabama, says that that part of the country is "booming" more than any other. He never saw anything like the development of the mining resources of the South of the enterprise and push those in whose hands the business is displaying.

Dr. Blaine, in a recent paper read before the New York Academy of Medicine, asserted that tuberculosis or consumption can be conveyed into the systems of human beings who feed upon milk or beef derived from animals that are afflicted with the same disease. He then declared that two per cent. of all cattle killed for the New York market are affected with tuberculosis, and that twenty one per cent. of all milk cows have the disease in a more or less dangerously developed form. If this is true it is easy to account for the prevalence of that terrible disease, consumption, which annually destroys so many people. Other diseases are said to be communicated in the same way. The New York News thinks there ought to be stricter inspection of the city's food supplies, and greater restrictions enforced on those who provide the people with these things.

Archibald Leaser, who went to the army during the civil war, from Syracuse, N. Y., and was last heard of as one of Sherman's soldiers marching to the sea, joined his family again recently at Elizabeth, N. J. He has had a varied experience. First he was wounded, then fell into the hands of the Confederates, had brain fever, recovered with memory all gone, wandered about as a lunatic, went to Texas, joined the cowboys, was shot and scalped by Indians and recovered again with memory restored. Then he recollected that he had left a wife and children, and some months ago started East to find them. He could discover no trace of his family, however, until he accidentally met a man from Elizabeth in New York who knew them. His children are grown up, and his wife had not married again during his long absence. She failed to recognize him at first, but when he related incidents in their courtship, she concluded that he was in truth her long lost husband, and flung herself into his arms. Here is a story which fiction could not well outdo.

Whatever the exact relative strength of the three great standing army powers of Europe (France, Germany and Russia) may be, no one can dispute that the keeping of 7,000,000 men almost constantly under arms is detrimental to national or continental prosperity. England's 250,000 sinks into insignificance compared with the gigantic army-roll of these three kingdoms; but Austria has a standing army but slightly inferior in point of numbers to that of Germany, and Italy and Turkey can each put hundreds of thousands of soldiers into the field. Thus Europe has become a veritable continent of soldiers—an armed camp. The taxes necessary to maintain these literally countless masses, to clothe them in dazzling costumes, and to equip them with the newest patterns of life-destroying weapons, are prodigious. Nor is this the only, or indeed the worst, effect of this militarism run wild. Trade and commerce are affected to an extent described as appalling, and Bismarck did not overstate the case when he said that a few more years of tension such as now existed must involve the most prosperous nation in ruin.

A Marvelous Memory.
In the old days of Louisiana many of the Representatives were Creoles who could scarcely speak a word of English. On account of the large Creole element in the State all acts of the Legislature were obliged to be published in both French and English, and all speeches made in the Senate were rendered in both languages. For many years General Horatio Davis, of New Orleans, Clerk of the Senate, translated the speeches, and such was his memory that after listening to a speech an hour or two long, he would immediately deliver it in the other language, and with perfect accuracy. And this was accomplished without the use of any notes, and apparently without any effort.

Antiquity of Gingerbread.
It will surprise housekeepers to learn that our homely everyday luxury—gingerbread—has been used since the fourteenth century. It was made then and said in Paris—so Montell affirms in his "Histoire des Français." It was then prepared with rye meal, made into a dough, and other spices, with sugar or honey, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV. for their festivals, and soon brought into general use. Since then it has retained its popularity and contributed much to the pleasures and enjoyments of young and old. A great change, of course, was after a while made in its composition, and particularly after it was introduced into this country. Honey being more expensive than molasses, was less used, and the darker color hidden under some other ingredient or glaze. "To take the gift of the gingerbread was a common proverb, and in the old country booths, glittering with their rude devices in gingerbread, are still seen in many country towns to this day."

UNITY.
One law there is for every grain of sand And every star. How'er the sand be blown By shifting winds about, or shoreward thrown By surge of wave resistless, yet the Hand That on the farthest star lays strict command, To hold it fast in orbit all its own, Not for one breath space leaves the speck alone, But brings it still at last, as first was planned. So it's with spirits, too: one law there is, Here where we toss and turn so aimlessly, The sport of whim and chance, and yonder, where They move in rest, their souls encircling His. The wave will pass, the wind lie down, and we With them shall rest, their full obedience share. —Bradford Torrey.

GRIM WALKER'S REVENGE.

Between the years 1863 and 1865 a full thousand people heard the story of Grim Walker. That was during the fiercest part of our civil war, and minor incidents were speedily absorbed and forgotten. I doubt if there are a score of people living to-day who can recall the details of this singular man's adventures, and I do not remember that anything save a brief outline of the massacre of his family has ever appeared in print. I was a pony express rider on the Overland route. That meant helping to guard stages, carrying a light mail on my saddle, forwarding dispatches, taking my turn to act as agent of some stable, and various other things which need not be explained. There were then several great trails leading west from the borders of civilization, and all were more or less traveled, but the favorite routes were from St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, the one being known as the northern and other as the southern route. I was on a route along the Platte River west of Fort Kearney, which was sometimes fifty miles long, and sometimes 125, according to the way the Indians were behaving, and the number of men we had for service.

Grim Walker was a pioneer named Charles O. Walker, from near Iowa City. He was a giant in size, naturally sour and taciturn of disposition, and his family consisted of a wife and three children. While the country was excited over the civil war, and travel by the Overland had almost come to a stop, except in cases of necessity, Walker and others formed an immigrant party to make a push for the golden land. When I first heard of them they numbered twenty wagons and sixty or seventy people, and were on the Platte, east of Kearney, which was then dangerous ground. When the outfit reached Kearney, some were for turning back, others for electing a new Captain, others for settling down near by and establishing ranches. It seemed that there were three or four different factions in the party, and several bitter quarrels had resulted. In the ten state of affairs 200 brave and united men could have scarcely hoped to reach the Colorado or Wyoming line, for the Indians were up in arms on every trail, and thirsting for blood and scalps. When it was known, therefore, that Grim Walker, as he had come to be known, had been elected Captain of a faction and intended to push on at the head of only seven families, which could muster but nine fighting men, soldiers, hunters, Indian fighters, and overland men argued and scolded, and predicted. Not an argument could move Grim Walker. Not a prediction could frighten one of his adherents. It appeared to them to be a case where manhood and pride were at stake, and when it was hinted that the military would restrain them they made secret preparations and departed at night. It was an awful thing for those bigoted and determined men to drive their wives and children, consisting of twenty-two people, to a horrible death, but nothing short of a battle with the military would have stopped them.

They left Kearney one night about 10 o'clock, drawing away quietly and traveling at their best speed. They could not have gone ten miles before being discovered by the Indians. A party of twenty of us left over the same trail at noon next day, and we had gone only fifteen miles when we found evidences that the little party, which was keeping along the Platte, had been attacked. This must have been about daylight. Soon after sunrise they had been driven to shelter in a grove of cottonwoods, but before reaching it one of the men had been killed and scalped, a wagon had been broken down and been abandoned, and stray bullets had killed a woman and a child as they cowered down behind the cargo of the wagons. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we came to the grove, driving away the last of the savages, but we were too late. Such a spectacle as we there beheld was enough to sicken the heart of the bravest Indian fighter. The little party had been attacked by about 300 redskins, and the fight had lasted for half a day. As near as we could figure from blood spots on the earth fourteen Indians had been killed, and there were bloody trails to show that as many more had been wounded. The foolhardy men had died game as an offset. We made out that their camp had been carried by a charge, and that the last of the fighting was hand to hand. Five of the women had been carried off into horrible captivity, while all others had been butchered—all save Grim Walker. The bodies had been cut and hacked and mutilated in a terrible manner, but we could have identified Walker by his size, even had he been decapitated. The immigrants' horses had all been killed, the wagons plundered and burned, and the savages were bundling up some of the plunder when we came in sight and drove them away. All that was left us was the sad work of burying the corpses.

A month later we heard that Grim Walker had escaped from the fight, breaking out of the grove and riding off on a horse just as the conflict closed in. Men belonging to the Overland had met and talked with him east of Kearney. He had three wounds, but seemed unconscious of them as he briefly related the story of the fight, and vowed that he would have the lives of five Indians for every white person who had perished. Nothing further was heard of him until June of the following year. I was then in Government employ as a scout and despatch rider, and was on the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, twenty miles west of Fort McPherson, riding with two

other scouts, when we came upon Grim Walker. He had gone east after the massacre, and had built for himself a bullet-proof wagon. It was a great cage on wheels, and everything about it was made of iron. Wheels, box, bottom, top—every part of it was bullet proof. It was pierced or loop-holed in fifty places for musketry, ventilated at the top, and was drawn by four mules. The man must have had considerable means at his disposal to pay for a vehicle like that, and he had come all the way from Council Bluffs alone. The interior was fitted up with a sleeping berth, iron tanks for holding food and water, and he had come back to the plains to keep his vow. But for his grimness, the idea would have raised a laugh. He must have been en route for many long days, and he certainly had passed through many perils. We heard afterward that as he reached the fort one afternoon, and it became known that he would push on, every effort was made to dissuade him. For a time he was silent—grim—dead. Then he pointed to the northeast and said: "There lie the bones of my children and friends, and I will not rest until I have avenged them twice over."

They told him the country was alive with hostiles, and that every road of the way was beset with perils; but as the sun went down he harnessed his mules to the iron tongue, climbed into the saddle, and without word of farewell to any one he rode to the west in the gathering gloom—more grim, more determined, more of a devil than a human being. He had traveled a good share of the night over a country in which death lurked in every ravine, and the watchful savages had not espied him. He had traveled until mid-afternoon next day along a trail where savages outnumbered the snakes twenty to one, but somehow they had missed him. We were riding at full speed for the fort, keeping the shelter of the dry ravines and the valleys, and expecting at any moment to be pursued, when we ran upon Grim Walker. His wagon stood in the open prairie, at least half a mile from the river and the shelter of the cottonwoods. The four mules had been unharnessed and turned out to graze, and the man was cooking his supper at a campfire, the smoke of which would draw Indians for ten miles around. Our astonishment when we found him there alone kept us dumb for a few minutes. We sat on our horses and stared at him, and he greeted our presence by a mere nod. When I recognized him as Grim Walker I began to suspect the enterprise he had on foot, and after I had put a few questions he briefly explained:

"I am here to kill Indians. You can look my wagon over if you want to." It was what I have described. He had a barrel or more of fresh water, a lot of flour and meat, a small stove to cook on, and a perfect arsenal of firearms. It was evident that the Indians could not get at him with bullets nor tomahawk, nor fire, and it would take weeks to starve him out. There was only one thing that troubled the man. His stock would be killed off at once when he was attacked, and he would then have no way of moving his wagon. We helped him out of his dilemma by agreeing to take the animals to the fort. The harnesses were piled into his house, and it was understood that he would come for the mules when he wanted them. He had a compass, and we gave him the exact bearings, and as we rode away he was preparing to toast another piece of meat, seeming utterly unconcerned over the dangers of his surroundings. As to what happened him during the next three weeks I had a few meagre details from his own lips, but plenty of information from warriors who afterward became "friendly." That is, when licked out of their boots half a dozen times, their villages destroyed, many of their ponies shot, and their squaws and children driven to temporary starvation, they cried for peace in order to recruit and make ready for another campaign.

The campfire which Grim Walker built saved the three of us from being ambushed. A warrior told me that forty savages were between us and the fort when the smoke led them to believe that a large party of immigrants must be camped in the bottoms. It could only be a large party which would dare build such a fire in a hostile country. The warriors were all drawn off by a signal to attack the larger game, and before sundown that evening two hundred murderous redskins were opening their eyes very wide at the site of the one lone wagon anchored on the prairie under their noses. How did it get there? Where were the horses or mules? Was it occupied? They must have asked themselves these questions over and over again, but there stood the wagon, grim, silent, mysterious. The whole band finally moved down for a closer inspection, believing the vehicle had been abandoned, and hopeful that something in the shape of plunder had been left behind. They had come close—they had entirely surrounded the vehicle—when a sheet of flame darted from one of the portholes, and Grim Walker had begun to tally his victims. Before the redskins could get out of range he had killed seven of them, using shotguns and buckshot. It was only when they came to return the fire that the savages discovered what sort of a vehicle had been hauled out there among them. They waited hundreds of bullets before they ceased firing, and with a rifle Walker killed two more of them before night set in.

The superstitious nature of the Indian would have driven him away had he not burned for revenge. And, too, it was argued that the wagon must contain something of great value to have been built that way, and greed was added to the thirst for vengeance. They believed that the bottom of the box, at least, was of wood, and about three hours after dark a number of warriors, each having a bunch of dry grass under his arm, crept forward to the vehicle to start a fire under it. They crept as noiselessly as serpents, but before a man of them had passed under a double-barreled shotgun belched forth its contents, and two more bucks set out for the happy hunting grounds. Next day, refusing to believe that a wagon could be bullet proof, the Indians opened a fusillade, which was maintained for two hours. They were behind trees and logs and other cover, and not a shot was provoked in response. Various schemes were concocted to get at the wagon, which was finally believed to contain a party of hunters, but none promised success. At noon, however, a number of young warriors volunteered to carry out a plan. There were twelve of them,

and they were to approach the wagon in a wide circle. The idea was to seize and upset it, and thus render the occupants harmless. The circle was made, and it gradually narrowed until the signal for a rush was made.

The man within—grim, silent, watchful—let the circle close, and the warriors seize the wheels before he opened fire. It would have taken a dozen stout men to have lifted two of the wheels off the ground. He shot down three of them and the others fled in terror, and half an hour later the siege was abandoned and the Indians were moving off. For two long weeks the wagon remained on the spot, an object of curiosity to scouts and hunters—an object of awe and menace to the savages. Then, one morning, just at daylight, Grim Walker came into Fort McPherson for his mules. He was going to move his iron cage to new fields. He replenished his provisions, and inside of two hours was off again, having spoken less than fifty words during his stay. It seemed as if he had grown taller, fiercer, more grim and revengeful. There was something pitiful in knowing that he alone had survived the massacre; something appalling in the knowledge that he had become a Nemesis whom nothing but blood would satisfy.

The wagon was moved north to the headwaters of the Saline Fork. One who has been over the route will wonder how it could have been done. It was attacked there one forenoon about 10 o'clock by a band of thirty warriors who had been raiding on the Solomon River. The mules were staked out, and Grim Walker sat at his camp fire. The warriors charged up on horseback, believing they had a hunter's or surveyor's outfit, and while they stampeded and secured the mules, four of them were killed from the loopholes of the cage. They came back again, and another was killed and two were wounded. Then they discovered what sort of an enemy they had to deal with and withdrew. Grim Walker and his wagon remained there for a month. When the Indians would no longer come to him he set out in search of them, and he became a veritable terror. Twenty different warriors whom I interviewed between 1864 and 1867 told me that Walker was more feared than a hundred Indian fighters. He killed everything he came to that was Indian, including squaws, ponies, children, and dogs. No camp felt safe from him. He had the ferocity of a hungry tiger and the cunning of a serpent. He used his iron wagon as headquarters and made raids for fifty miles around. During the summer our scouts saw Walker or his wagon once a fortnight. He was last seen alive on September 2, on the Republican River, when he had a fresh Indian scalp at his belt. He had then blown up his wagon with gunpowder and abandoned it, although he did not state the fact. His hair and beard had become long and unkempt, his clothing was in rags, and there could be no doubt that he had gone mad. On the 15th of the month, as I rode with an escort of soldiers south of where he was seen on the 2d, and fifty miles from the spot we found him dead. He lay on a bare knoll, on the broad of his back, with his arms folded over his breast and his rifle by his side. His eyes were wide open, as if looking at the buzzards sailing above him, and we soon satisfied ourselves that he had died from natural causes. He had a dozen scars and wounds, but disease had overpowered him, or his work had been done. He had exacted a full measure of vengeance. Better for the Indians had they let his immigrant party pass on in peace, for he had brought mourning to a hundred lodges.—New York Sun.

The Brazilians.
They have no ambition, no "go" in them, no will or desire for anything but to slip away their days and pass their nights in singing, dancing and revelry, says J. W. Wells, of the Brazilians. Inhabitants of any country like these of Boqueira are as useless as if they did not exist. They have nothing to sell and no means for purchase. Their little labor is expended in raising a few vegetables, fishing, and building a poor hut barely sufficient to accommodate them. It is never repaired; and when the rain comes in in one part of the roof the hammock is removed to another corner, until, finally, when the hut decays, and collapses in spite of props, another is built alongside it. The women make the few cotton garments of the men, that, like the huts, are never repaired, and are worn until the rags will no longer hold together. Yet, withal, they are the most independent of all peoples, proud of their right to do nothing, and they do it most effectually.

The Modern Cook-Book Dinner.
The modern recipes for making cheap dishes are framed upon the supposition that you are to obtain the materials of manufacture for nothing. They should be written in this form: Go to the market and beg a beef-bone from the butcher; steal a couple of parsnips and half a dozen of potatoes out of the peddler's cart; get your grocer to trust you for half a pound of rice; borrow from your neighbor a cupful of flour; from another neighbor a hock of coal; put your bone into a quart of water and let it stew slowly; slice your potatoes and parsnips; get an onion somewhere and slice it also; put these in with the bone; stew two hours and add your flour; simmer twenty minutes and serve. This dinner will supply a father and mother and twelve children, and there will be enough left to feed four tramps. Cost, one-hundredth part of a cent for match to start fire. Who would be poor?—Boston Courier.

Barnum's Advice to Business Men.
Addressing a body of business men at Bridgeport the other day, P. T. Barnum said: "You do not, any of you, advertise enough. You ought to use printer's ink every day. You are asleep and want your business to run itself. Standing advertisements in a paper command confidence. The man who for a year lives in one community and leads a respectable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principle a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar in eyes of the reader. It may seldom be read, still it makes the name and business of the man familiar and its presence in the 'columns' of a paper inspires confidence in the stability of its enterprise."

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.

GEN. HOOKER'S FAMOUS FIGHT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Storming the Confederate Breast Works Under Cover of a Heavy Fog—An Ex-Confederate's Story.
James W. A. Wright, in an article in Southern Biographical, on "Bragg's Campaign Around Chattanooga," thus describes Hooker's "Battle in the Clouds."

Tuesday morning, November 24th, broke upon our bivouac cloudy overhead and foggy upon the surrounding mountains. Clouds and rolling mists obscured, like a white fleecy curtain, the upper three or four hundred feet of "Old Lookout." Showers fell at intervals. An ominous silence reigned along the entire lines, unbroken till about 11 A. M. Then the heavy boom of artillery came from beyond Lookout, and all eyes were turned in that direction.

Our position at the Watkins House, midway across Chattanooga Valley, gave us a full view of the eastern and northern slopes of Lookout, including the Craven House and Bragg's line of intrenchments and picket-pits on the broad sloping terrace north and west of it. About noon the sharp and continuous rattle of rifles was heard along these lofty slopes, and as the clouds and mists began to rise and away to and fro, we saw, all at once, through the rifts in this rolling curtain, a long narrow line of infantry moving steadily toward those mountain breast-works, now hidden by the changing mists, now fully exposed to view again. Occasionally the smoke of their own volleys would mingle with the surrounding mists.

General A. T. Stewart, who commanded our division, and Colonel J. T. Holtzclaw (afterward Brigadier-General), who was in command of our brigade in the temporary absence of General Clayton, and a party of their officers stood field glass in hand, watching with deep interest and astonishment this evident attack in heavy force along a line deemed so nearly impregnable that earth-works there seemed almost unnecessary. Suddenly, as a cloud rolled away, we saw our line of breast-works swarming with men for nearly half a mile and flags waving there. "What flag is that?" was asked. "Try the field glass. There, it is plain enough. It is the stars and stripes."

Impossible as it seemed, our works on Lookout Mountain had been carried by storm in that half hour's fighting under cover of the fog. We had been watching what has since become famous as "Joe Hooker's Battle in the Clouds." To call it the "Battle Above the Clouds," though somewhat exaggerated, is not perhaps so far wrong as some have supposed, for at times the cloud veil rolled partly below the combatants, though they were never entirely above it. This unexpected feat of unquestioned prowess evidently increased with our men the disheartening effects of our loss of ground the day before. How this feat was accomplished by Hooker, though a mystery then, is now well known. Marching his corps from Wauhatchie at 5 A. M., he sent Geary's division down the western base of Lookout that he might then turn east, and moving obliquely up the western slope, could reach the western base of Pulpit Rock. Thence he was to pass stealthily around the point, and suddenly appearing on the slight ridge which extends north from its foot, he was to take Bragg's most westerly works in flank and rear. To divert attention from this movement Hooker made a demonstration with the rest of his corps—holding Osterhaus's division in reserve—by marching toward Chattanooga Creek, and moving Geary's division up the slopes of Lookout nearer the river. Geary accomplished his important part more easily and speedily than was anticipated, because the dense fog so completely enveloped the mountain that Walthall's brave pickets knew nothing of his presence, and did not see his men until within a few yards of them. The whole movement was a complete surprise to Walthall's brigade, and though it made a running fight as best it could for half an hour, it fell back a mile or more, and lost not far from a thousand men killed, wounded and captured. But reinforcements were hurried up, and the Federal advance was held in check the rest of that gloomy day.

General Pettus, so soon as he was informed of the disaster, moved his two nearest regiments—one of them the Twentieth Alabama—at a double quick to Walthall's relief. A strong position was taken by the two brigades along a craggy spur, extending eastward from the base of the palisades. Here a sharp fusillade of rifles was maintained between the hostile lines till about 10 o'clock at night. Late in the afternoon our brigade, Clayton's, was marched from its trenches across Chattanooga Creek by the bridge on the road from Rossville to Lookout, and, losing a few men by shells from the Moccasin Point batteries as we were crossing this deep ravine we relieved Pettus and Walthall's wearied men about dusk, and together with Moore's brigade held their rocky ramparts till after midnight. The Thirty-sixth Alabama—my regiment—relieved our neighbors of the Twentieth Alabama, our left extending, as the rs had done, to the very base of the palisades. The right of our brigade connected with the left of Stevenson's division. Here we maintained a lively fire with the enemy's advance till after nine o'clock, losing some men even by the random shots in the darkness.

Friends who remained in the valley informed us next day that the rifle flashes at night along the waving lines of attack and defense, which extended eastward half a mile or more down the mountain slope from the beeling palisades, presented a curious and beautiful sight, not unlike thousands of sparkling fire-flies on a mid-summer's night. We were not, you may well suppose, in a position just then to appreciate such picturesque beauty. An eye-witness from the Union lines records that after ten o'clock a growing line of Federal camp-fires "glittered obliquely across the breast of Lookout," sending joy to the hearts of their comrades in the beleaguered city. For us it was not safe to have fires, although after midnight it was cold, clear and frosty. Our position would have been revealed by them, and a heavier fire would have been drawn upon us.

It is a mean and bad thing to be ungentle with our own.

THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO.

STRANGE CONTRASTS OF BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

Lives of the Very Poor in the City of Mexico—A Specimen of Home—Scenes of Squalid Misery.

A City of Mexico letter to the Boston Herald says: In a walk of five minutes from the door of a house in which are gathered treasures of art and splendid book collections, where the decorator and upholsterer have wrought their marvels of taste and comfort, you may go through a lane, hidden behind a high wall, where more than 150 Indians, clad each in two simple garments of coarsest woven blue cloth, live in adobe huts ranged each side of a dirty ditch which carries with its filthy water more than the seventy stinks of Cologne. The interior of these huts contain only the simplest articles of use—a straw mat on the dirt for a bed, a few bits of pottery for culinary use, and that is all—absolutely all. The women, strange, uncouth creatures, with long black hair gathered in coarse braids, almost always with a child as brown as burnt umber and as dirty as you can think, strapped on the back, with faces destitute of intelligence—the faces of souls never awakened—these are the female savages of a famous metropolis. These women make a coarse sort of tortilla, which they sell to a very low class of common laborers. The men, equally unkempt, with brutish faces, are car-boneros—sellers of charcoal.

They are a sort of squatters; their former homes were among the mountains, but they are now cramped in a city with whose real life they have no connection. They are the pariahs of society, lower than the lowest, living lives that seem not human, and making one feel that the only justification of their existence is the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration, or the Darwinian doctrine of evolution. What is so repulsive as the human face lacking intelligence? A dog is respectable in comparison. He, at least comes up to the idea of what he should be.

One day, examining a house which was under repair, I climbed a short ladder at a back wall, and, looking over, was paralyzed with astonishment—it was like a peep into the "dark continent" of Stanley—a whole narrow lane filled with savages, a swarming plague spot, a horribly repulsive conjunction of wild people. Then I began to realize what lay concealed behind the walls of the Aztec capital. Probably these people have not changed since the days before the conquest. They still talk their queer language, a curious jargon, filled with sounds unfamiliar to our ears. When you chance on a settlement of these people, it gives you an idea of how far our Caucasian race has traveled from its origin, and what civilization means.

A walk of only five minutes, at the most, from the lower end of the alameda, or public garden, will take you to a section rapidly building up with houses of a good class. It is a section where the land is, perhaps, two feet higher than in the centre of the city. These new streets are paved, and along one of them the electric light gives nightly illumination. Being a new section—part of it the garden of the now confiscated convent of San Fernando—there are some vacant lots where a number of poor laborers have squatted, taking the left over remnants of houses, blocks of refuse stone, etc., to make their huts, or jacales, as they are called. Here in this section, amid new houses, graceful, with pretty patios, filled with well-to-do people, live, in their huts, the families I will introduce you to. They are not the sort of Indians I have just been talking about, but a higher grade, and with some ambition to rise in the world.

Let us take this queer, tent-like hut in a vacant lot where workmen are just beginning house-building operations. A New England lad, playing at being a red Indian in his father's back yard, would disdain such a wigwam. It is made of pieces of half rotten board, some refuse tin roofing, and a decayed straw mat. Its capacity is about that of four persons, packed close. This is the home of Jose and Simona, an industrious married pair, who have in family a grown up daughter and her husband, the latter working away from the home and coming there only to sleep, as Simona says, and then I wonder how they can find room to sleep in that tiny hut. Simona and her married daughter make tortillas, which the latter peddles on the streets of the poorer sections of the town. This daughter has two little children, one a bright-looking lad of three, whose brown skin shows through his ragged cotton shirt, and the other a tiny girl of two, who is clad in a bit of an old cotton rebozo of the mother's. The work which Jose has is precarious. In a neighboring street the residents hire him to sweep and water the pavement in front of their doors, and he sometimes earns three reales a day, or thirty-seven and a half cents, equal to about thirty cents American money. The daily food of this family, when Jose is working regularly, consists of frijoles, tortillas and chile. When Jose is out of work, the women must earn enough to support the family, and Simona assures us that there is then "muy poco," which could be translated "mighty little." Industrious woman! A day of steady toil does not bring her a profit of over twelve and a half cents. House rent they cannot pay, so they have to squat in vacant lots. They have no hope in life, and consequently no ambition.

Sad is the death of the little children of the city poor. A tiny coffin is hired, a few flowers brought, and the little funeral procession may consist only of the father carrying his dead baby on his head, the mother coming behind, and perhaps a brother of the dead baby. Often the women do not go out to the burying place, but only the men of the family. One day, in the great plaza, amid the din of holiday music and the life and animation of a crowded public place, I saw a poor woman, a widow, buying flowers to put on her dead child's coffin, which she, alone, was to take on her head to the graveyard. It was a pathetic picture, not to be forgotten.

Above the grade of the Indians and the squatters on the vacant lots are the poor mechanics, the worst-paid people of the class I have ever seen. I know good compositors whose daily earnings are fifty cents a day, or forty cents American money. I have seen a very fair carpenter, who did a neat job, who told me he got but fifty cents a day. And so it

goes. And these people have no idea of labor unions, of strikes, or of doing any better in the world. That is perhaps the most hopeless aspect of the case. Discontent is a spur, and may lead to workingmen getting a fairer share of what they create by their toil. But no Bostonian here who should see these people I have described could consider himself anything less than a pampered son of nineteenth century civilization.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Great Mistake.

Sifting the flour and baking-powder together, as most recipes prescribe, is a great mistake. Baking powder should never be added until everything else is in the dish and the mass thoroughly beaten. The reason will be appreciated by every thoughtful person. The moment the milk or other liquid comes in contact with the powder effervescence begins and by the time the dough is ready for the oven it has entirely ceased and the mass is likely to be as "dull, stale, and profitless" as a glass of second-hand soda-water. If all the other ingredients are well beaten, the powder added at the last moment, and the cake put into the oven as hurriedly as possible, the process of effervescence will be assisted by the heat and the dough will rise in a light, spongy mass. This is the secret of the extra-fine cake and biscuit that many non-professional housekeepers boast of.

Care of the Hands.

In cool weather comes the liability to chapped hands, and the discomfort of these is more trying than their unsightliness. With care the hands may be kept smooth even by those who handle the di-hcloth. For cleansing the hands use oatmeal instead of soap, or a little ammonia or borax in the water they are washed in. Be careful to dry them thoroughly every time they are washed, and then to apply a little vaseline or cold cream, wiping the hands after the application. Oxalic acid, in a weak solution, will remove stains, or what is better, a bit of lemon, for oxalic acid is poison and must not be permitted to touch an abraded part of the skin. At night rub oatmeal over the hands and wear a pair of kid gloves a size or two large. This is especially for those who, after their housework is done, sit down at the piano, or occupy themselves with fine sewing or silk embroidery.

Four Soups.

Helen Campbell says in the Omaha Bell: Here are four rules for four soups, each one flavorful, nourishing, satisfactory, yet not an ounce of meat required in either. They have been made for years, are instantly adopted when once tested, and yet, somehow, though they have been included in cook books and been taught in cooking schools, they are still unknown to the average housekeeper.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart can, or twelve fresh tomatoes; two small onions; one small carrot; half a small turnip; some sprigs of parsley; one clove; one quart of boiling water; all cut fine and boiled one hour. As the water boils away add more, so that the quantity may remain the same. Put through a sieve; return to fire and season with one even tablespoonful each of salt and sugar and a saltspoonful of pepper. Cream a tablespoonful of butter with two of flour, adding hot soup until it pours easily. Pour into the soup; boil five minutes and serve with toasted crackers or dice of fried bread.

SALMON SOUP, OR PURKE OF SALMON.—One small can, or a pound of salmon, freed from all skin, bones, etc. One quart of milk; one teaspoonful of butter and two of flour; one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Put over the milk in a double boiler, and when it boils add seasoning and the butter and flour, which have been creamed together and thinned by a half cup of boiling water. Run through a sieve with potato masher, return to fire for a minute and serve very hot. A small portion of the salmon will remain in the sieve, and makes a nice breakfast dish by adding an equal amount of mashed potato, or of cracker or bread crumbs, making in small cakes and frying brown. Moistened them in mixing with a little of the soup.

POTATO SOUP.—Six large or ten medium size potatoes; one quart of milk; half an onion minced; one stalk of celery or a teaspoonful of celery salt; one tablespoonful of flour; one teaspoonful of salt; one saltspoon of pepper; one tablespoonful of butter. Wash and peel potatoes, let them lie in water half an hour or so, and then boil till soft. In the meantime boil the milk in a double boiler with the onion and seasoning. Mash the potatoes after the water has been drained off and add to the milk. Put through a sieve and return to saucepan. Melt the tablespoonful of butter, and when it bubbles add the flour; stir a moment and pour into the soup hot. Should the soup seem too thick, add a cup of hot milk or water. This may be varied by using a tablespoonful of chopped parsley instead of celery, and two eggs may be beaten light and added.

BEAN SOUP.—One quart of any kind of dried beans soaked over night, three quarts of cold water, three onions, one large spoonful of butter or beef drippings, half a carrot, one tablespoonful of salt, quarter of a saltspoonful of red pepper, a stalk of celery or a saltspoonful of celery salt. Cut up the onions and brown them in the butter or drippings; then put all ingredients over the fire together and boil very slowly five or six hours. Run all through a coarse sieve; return to fire, and if there is any separation of the bean from the liquid add one tablespoonful of corn-starch or flour dissolved in a little water and boil for a minute. A clove or two is often boiled with the beans, and a cup of milk or cream enriches the soup. A can of tomato added makes another change, and a little pork can always be used if desired, while the remains of baked beans make an excellent soup.

Charleston papers suggest the cultivation of ramie in South Carolina, as it can be raised there as easily and profitably as in Louisiana, where it yields a net profit of \$69 an acre. The beautiful fibre from this plant is now largely used in the manufacture of the finest fabrics. There are over 500 factories in Europe using it for fabrics of all sorts, from coarse sail-cloth to the finest laces.

DETECTIVES AND CLERKS.

HOW THE FORMER ARE EMPLOYED TO WATCH THE LATER.

Secret Inquiries Into the Lives of Employees—Merchants Guarding Against Embezzlement.

A certain Brooklyn merchant was holding forth at his club the other evening on the trouble he had had at one time and another in his career with his employees.

"There is no doubt about this," he said at last, "that, in spite of all the defalcations and embezzlements and running away to Canada that we have heard so much about lately, the general moral character of our clerks has wonderfully improved during the past few years. There are fewer fast men and more reliable citizens among them now than at any time for twenty years. Unfortunately, that isn't any particular ground for thinking the world has grown materially better during that time. It is simply another case where the methods of civilization are getting ahead of man's weakness toward vice, just as steamships have eradicated piracy, railroads have done away with highway robbery, and electricity has discouraged murder. In this way detective work has encouraged honesty among store employees. I don't mean so much in watching them while they're in our employ as in finding out all there is about them before we hire them and maintaining a strict standard of behavior after we get them. There are scores of the biggest houses in Brooklyn whose managers do just as I do in this matter. We won't hire a young man for a responsible place in our store—unless we are personally and very well acquainted with him and his antecedents—or whom a firm of private detectives whom we employ for the purpose do not show a very clean record as the result of their investigations. They are instructed to make the strictest search into the candidate's habits and one little flaw will ruin him.

"Not long ago I wanted an assistant cashier. I was deluged with applications, but I determined to be very sure before I made a selection. I was particularly struck with the claims of one young man who came from a respectable family living upon the Hill. He brought unimpeachable references from former employers, from the pastor of the church which he attended and from various other sources of respectability. He was bright, clear headed, polite and very prepossessing. My partner was in favor of hiring him on the spot. I thought it best, however, to wait for the detectives' report, as a matter of principle. After a week's investigations they said that the young man bore a very fine reputation among those who knew him, that he was a great social favorite and engaged to be married into a family of some distinction; but that he occasionally drank and on the sly visited a certain gambling room. I was loth to believe such a report about so promising a young man, but the detectives put such evidence in my hands that I was compelled to believe them. Of course, that settled it, so far as my store was concerned. I would not have a man in my employ who drank and certainly not one who gambled. To do these things openly was bad enough, but to do them so as to utterly deceive friends and family was a clear indication of character not to be neglected by any one. I secured another cashier and dismissed the matter from my mind. A few days afterward the last employer of the young man called upon me to inquire why one so highly recommended should be rejected. I showed him the detectives' report and he was indignant at its charges. Something that was said, however, must have set him to thinking, for when he went away he hired an expert to examine his books and found that the exemplary young man whom he had recommended so highly had swindled him out of \$1,200. He would have made a promising kind of cashier, wouldn't he?"

"Of course, after we have got honest men we can't always keep them so, because good men will fall from grace now and then, so we keep up a much closer surveillance upon them than they have any idea of. It is pretty safe to say that if any young man employed in a responsible position in any of our stores is gambling or drinking he is doing it with his employer's knowledge, although he may feel pretty sure no one outside of his boss companions has any idea of it. There is a sort of organization among some of the houses, and if one hears that another's employe is going wrong it makes the fact known at headquarters. Merchants pay a great deal more attention to such evidence of their clerks' characters now than they used to. It is pretty sure that a young man that doesn't drink and who keeps out of the "tiger's" reach will not have much temptation to steal. I remember very well a dry goods dealer whose house is some distance up the street, who neglected such pointers to his loss. He had a confidential clerk whom he had trained up under his own eye and trusted implicitly. This young man began to travel pretty fast about two years ago, and it wasn't long before his disappearance became notorious among the trade. His employer received warning after warning, but he felt so sure of his man that he didn't care, he said, whether he was a little fast at night or not. About six months ago the confidential clerk disappeared, and when his employer looked up his books he found he had taken \$26,000 with him. He was caught at Detroit, brought back and is now in the penitentiary for five years.

"The discovery of irregularities in a clerk's private life doesn't always mean his discharge. My own practice always is to give him a chance, if there is any hope in him. I let him know that I am aware of his habits and tell him what I have known of young men who have gone to destruction by doing what he has been doing. Then I tell him I will give him another chance, and in the great majority of cases he braces up and behaves himself.

"It is this sort of business that keeps the private detective agencies alive, though very few people know it. If it were not for us they would starve to death. In some Western cities the merchants have formed a sort of co-operative detective agency very much like the mercantile agencies. They pay a certain monthly rate and get in return full intelligence about the habits of their employees. I am not sure but that is a very good plan and we may have to come to it here."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

M. Aime Gerard, after careful investigation, holds that the saccharine matter of the sugar beet is found exclusively in the parts above ground.

The British Association's committee to observe the migration of birds has learned that birds on their arrival at the British Isles, as a rule, avoid high cliffs, and prefer to enter river valleys, whence they spread gradually over the area embraced by the river tributaries.

The advisability of testing as foggy weather signals sudden flashes—such as those of gunpowder—has been suggested to the British light-house authorities by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Stokes, who think the flashes might attract attention where an equal fixed light might escape notice.

On the authority of Mr W. T. T. Dyer, an English botanist, a remarkable tree of South America, a Rhopol, growing to a height of about twenty feet, is said to be absolutely indestructible by fire, thriving in districts which are burned over twice a year with the annihilation of every other form of vegetable life.

Two patents were recently issued to Mr. Lucius J. Phelps on duplex telegraphy. Under these inventions it is claimed that the same wire used for telegraphing to or from trains may be worked "duplex," thereby enabling it to be used as an ordinary Morse wire between stations, and simultaneously used for telegraphing to and from moving trains.

The more numerous the vibrations are, the higher is the sound. The deepest or gravest tone that it is possible for us to hear has thirty-two vibrations per second. The highest and the shrillest has about 70,000. Man's voice can scarcely go below a sound that gives 154 vibrations per second, nor woman's voice higher than 2,088 vibrations per second. (Children go much higher than that in the shrill cries they sometimes utter.)

According to Professor Heim, of Zurich, there are 1,155 glaciers in the Alps, of which 249 are more than 5,500 meters in length. The glaciers are distributed as follows: In Switzerland, 471; in Austria, 462; in France, 144; and in Italy, 78. The largest glacier is the Aletsch, which stretches over 24 kilometers. The total surface of the glaciers is estimated at 4,000 kilometers, of which the glaciers in Switzerland alone furnish 1,840 square kilometers.

New houses are liable to be damp from the evaporation from the plaster and mortar, which contains a large amount of water. A Spanish proverb says of new houses: "The first year for your enemies the second year for your friends, and the third you may live there your selves." This tells the whole story. Again, cellar air is apt to be unwholesome, and this is another reason why basement rooms are bad. It is very unwise to keep vegetables in cellars until they decay.

Mr. E. W. Bucke has determined by soundings the depth of the tubes of several geysers of the Rotorua district, New Zealand. The author was satisfied, from his intercourse with the natives of the district, that by constant observations on the direction of the wind and the condition of the atmosphere, they had learned to prognosticate the movements in all these hot springs with wonderful accuracy. He had also observed during his residence that the geysers were in eruption only when the wind blew from a particular quarter.

By a new process of toughening wood it is claimed that the effect produced upon whitewood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it, this result being accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure. By this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass, and it is stated by those who have experimented with the process that wood can be thus compressed to the extent of some seventy-five per cent., and that some of the timber commonly considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for example, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, etc. This method is applicable, of course, only to wood in comparatively small quantities or sizes.

A Real Cowboy.

Walking into a neat, little restaurant down on State street the other night, the Chicago Mail's "Club Man" was somewhat astonished to see about a dozen dirty-faced gamins sitting at a long table discussing an excellent supper, and at the head of the table sat a Western looking, happy fellow, with all the appearance of an ideal cowboy, except the sombrero, and that hung on a hook near by—a regular stunner, with width enough for a small umbrella, and a wealth of silver tinsel on it. Investigating, the "Club Man" discovered that the cowboy, who had come in with a train of cattle from Fortemmen, Wyo., on the Chicago & Northwestern, a few days ago, had been paid off and was enjoying himself. The proprietor of the restaurant said he came in about half an hour before, followed by the troop of Arabs, and had negotiated for supper for the gang. He had given carte blanche to the boys, and they had ordered everything from fried oysters to a hot mince pie, and the cowboy had deposited a \$20 gold piece in advance. He didn't seem to be drinking, but unusually good natured and intelligent. He was telling the boys big stories about the mountains, plains and sunshine of the West, of cattle drives and stampedes, and the boys were listening and eating with an earnestness which was refreshing. Their host didn't seem to pay special attention to any one in the room except his guests, and presided at the banquet with as much dignity and self-possession as if he were the major-domo of a palace. Among the things he mentioned was the fact that last summer, a year ago, he had become acquainted in Wyoming with a great painter, who was also a poet, and who had been out there to make sketches for a big Western picture he was going to paint. Then, in a quiet and quaint way, he recited to the boys a cowboy poem which the poet-painter had written, and which had this refrain:

"With his slouch sombrero
And brown chaparrans
And clanking spurs,
Like a cowboy he sneeds
Where the wild bull feeds.
And he laughs, Hal! hal! Who cares! Who cares!"

Ohio has 100 gun clubs within its borders.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Onyx and pearl jewelry is once more fashionable.

Some of the newest fur boas taper from the middle to the ends.

Mendelssohn's sister wrote several of his exquisite "Songs Without Words." The Women's Club of Milwaukee have raised \$25,000 toward building a clubhouse.

Queen Victoria is the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe excepting Emperor William.

Plush and velvet, with dots of contrasting color, are much used for millinery purposes.

One of the fancies of Queen Margherita of Italy is a strong preference for women physicians.

Mrs. Horace Helyar, the wife of the British Secretary of Legation in Washington, is a famous beauty.

Women have been elected on the school boards of Springfield, Brockton, Malden, and New Bedford, Mass.

Short mantles with the back of jet are very stylish. Passementerie and fur make the trimming of these garments.

Some of the newest English tailor made dresses and jackets are ornamented with bands of leather machine stitched on.

Many of the pretty and dressy short wraps are lined with a brilliant-hued plush which shows in the stylish shiny sleeves.

A Japanese lady has recently been engaged on the editorial staff of one of the most important political newspapers in Tokio.

Some of the newest fans for full-dress toilets have a bracelet and bows and flowing ends of ribbon attached for holding them.

Broadcloth in all the day colors, with astrakhan medallions of contrasting tints, is used for panels for dresses of plain cloth.

F. W. Kenzie, of San Francisco, says that city has 300 young women who are heiresses to \$500,000 or more each, and all are unmarried.

Miss Allen, who has done much to promote physical development in young women, has established a gymnasium for their use in Boston.

A thick silk cord is used to finish the gathered waists of little children's dresses, instead of a belt, being sewed on to cover the join at the waist.

Some bonnets have the trimming so high and with so pronounced outlines that they resemble the helmets worn by the Hessians who surrendered at Yorktown.

White corduroy is used by Parisian ladies and children for party dresses. Valenciennes and other laces and bands of ostrich plume are used to trim these dresses.

A traveling man who has made a business of counting the people in railway stations makes the assertion that the women travelers outnumber the men two to one.

Mlle. Heykel, after a rigid examination, has received the degree of M. D. from the University of Helsingfors, in Finland. She is the first Finnish woman thus honored.

A lady who has been employed at the office of the Municipal Commission at Moscow has been appointed chef du bureau, having given evidence of exceptional capacity.

Horseshoe muffs are a novelty. They are made of the material of the dress, in bag shape, and have a horseshoe of beaded passementerie or of plush or fur set upon the front.

Gloves of dressed or undressed kid are equally popular for street wear, and they may be plain or stitched in self or contrasting colors. Tan, brown, olive or gray are the preferred colors.

Tailors are making costumes exceedingly plain. Vests of velvet, cloth or plush, or plastrons braided in military style, are the embellishments permitted in the severe style at present in vogue.

One of the wealthiest San Francisco women is Mrs. James G. Fair. The courts gave her \$4,500,000 of her husband's estate, and it is estimated that she does not spend the interest on that sum.

Some of the new gloves have the tops of stripes or lozenge-shaped patterns in kid of contrasting color, as black and white, terra cotta and tan. Gloves in this style are also made to correspond to the costume.

An Englishman in New York who does business as a woman's tailor declares that there is more money and more taste in dressing among women this season than ever before, and that Fifth avenue of an afternoon "is quite like Regent street."

Jerseys are still worn, but they have scarcely any resemblance to those formerly in vogue. They are now made to fit the figure perfectly, and have all the seams arranged with whalebones like a dress bodice. Many of them are elaborately trimmed.

In the last census of Scotland the total number of females engaged in definite occupations, in 1881, was 498,271; the proportion of these to the total female population of five years or upward was 20.6 per cent. The number of wives not engaged in specific occupations is not stated in the Scotch census.

Miss Jennie Vaughn lately testified at the Deadwood (Dak.) Land Office, in making final proof upon her pre-emption claim, that she had personally broken and cultivated over half the land required to be worked by law, has raised several crops, shingled her house and done much work usually performed by the male sex.

A more elaborate style of neck-dressing seems to prevail than formerly. Mull, lace, tulle, beads, surah, crepe de chene and China crepe are all utilized, some very dressy collars, collarettes, fichus and plastrons being the result. A linen collar still remains the only suitable neck-dressing for use with tailor-made costumes, however.

The fearful ravages of cholera in Corea, by which more than a million of its inhabitants have perished, may be due to the want of sanitary regulations. In Seoul, the Capital, where there were 1,000 deaths daily, the houses and streets are frightfully filthy, the water is polluted by the drains, the food is unhealthy, and leprosy and small-pox abound.

MAMMA'S KISS

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mother's as full of kisses
As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stairs.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mother's kisses
To her own little baby boy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man of deeds—the County Recorder.

Chicago Sun.
There is no place like home, especially if it's the home of your best girl.—*St. Paul Herald*.

There are three kinds of animals in the Wall street menagerie. They are bulls, bears and donkeys.—*Pittsburg*.

A citizen of Deadwood, Dakota, reached home the other night somewhat earlier than usual. He had been chased home by a ghost.—*Chicago News*.

A poet asks: "What is it makes the noonday air so strong?" Well, perhaps the wife has been boiling cabbage or something like that.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Shall I light the gas?" asked the landlady at the supper table. "Oh, it isn't necessary," answered the new boarder, "the supper is light enough."—*New York Sun*.

Said George: "On my mind there's a weight, it is really getting quite light, and I fear that your pa—"
He got only thus far,
For he landed outside of the weight.

A man never more fully appreciates the touching significance of a "vacant chair" than when he goes in a hurry to the barber shop and finds one awaiting him there.—*St. Albans Messenger*.

This is the season that inspires a red-nosed man with confidence. He can blame the warmth of color on the weather, and those who don't know his habits will sometimes believe him.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

A Swiss law compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The pine and the weeping willow are prescribed, but the birch is allowed as being prospectively useful.—*Providence Telegram*.

Full many a maid who faints at sight of blood,
And dare not kill a mouse, nor face a toad;
Wears on her hat—more eloquent than words,
The mingled forms of half a dozen birds.

—*Danville Breeze*.

Artificial Precious Stones.

The trade in artificial precious stones has become quite important, and the manufacture of them has reached a considerable degree of perfection. The products of some of the shops would almost deceive an expert, but the test of hardness is still infallible. The beautiful "French paste," from which imitation diamonds are made, is a kind of glass with a mixture of oxide of lead. The more of the latter the brighter the stone, but also the softer, and this is a serious defect. The imitation stones are now so perfectly made and are so satisfactory to those who are not very particular, that their influence begins to be felt in the market for real stones. By careful selection of the ingredients and skill and attention in manipulation, the luster, color, fire, and water of the choicest stones are, to the eyes of laymen, fully reproduced. There are a few delicacies of color that can not be perfectly given, for they depend on some undiscoverable peculiarities of molecular arrangement and not on chemical composition; but the persons who are to buy the stones know nothing of that. Yet Sidot, a French chemist, has nearly reproduced these peculiarities, including the dichroism of the sapphire, with a composition of which the base is phosphate of lime. Two other French chemists, Fremy and Feil, have produced rubies and sapphires having the same composition with the genuine stones and nearly equal hardness.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A Unique Bust.

Everything that represents Mrs. Cleveland, the President's wife, seems to have interest to the millions of people in this country. Her photographs are sold everywhere, and the photographers tell me they all make money by them. An enterprising plaster-cast molder has made a small bust of the first lady in the land, and they are sold about the city of Washington for a good price, but now the Government has gone into making likenesses of the fair mistress of the White House. The old and mutilated bank notes, when they come back to the United States Treasury, are chopped up and made into a pulp, and this is molded into various shapes and forms. The latest design is a miniature bust of Mrs. Cleveland. It takes \$10,000 worth of bank notes to make one of the fair President's wife, and each figure is labeled: "Made from mutilated U. S. bank notes worth \$10,000." These are sold for a fair price, and are having a good sale.—*Baltimore American*.

A Great Mystery.

If there is anything we know less about than we think we do it is the girl, and of this the girl is glad, for there is nothing she hates to be known so bad as the truth. She will wear out two old dresses running around to find out how to make a new one in the latest style. She will greet you with the most bewitching smile, and laugh at your stupidity when you are gone. She will walk three blocks out of the way to get a peep at her beau, and then pass by without looking at him. She will attend church, listen with absorbed interest to the eloquent and pathetic sermons, then return home and expatiate upon the horrible fit of Miss Snow's new basque. From the time she is big enough to swing on the gate and tie a ribbon in a double bow-knot she begins to locate a sweetheart, and she keeps this up until he is located in the back yard exercising his talents dissecting stove-wood.—*Castroville (Tex.) Anvil*.

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N. B. No Stairs to Climb.

What gross injustice is liable to be done when Judge Lynch holds court is shown in a negative way by the result of a trial at Machias, Me. It will be remembered that at the time of the brutal murdering of the moose wardens in Washington county a few weeks ago, suspicion pointed so strongly to one McFarland that he would certainly have been swung up to the nearest tree had the searching party found him. After the excitement had subsided he was regularly indicted and after a full and fair trial, has been acquitted. Quite likely some of the jury men who voted to acquit him would have been among the first to hang him before hearing the evidence. Our judicial system is not perfect, but take it all in all, it should be preferred to lynch law every time.—Globe.

The Boston Journal says that the Administration is abandoning its pretensions of reform, and is showing its hand clearly in partisan removals and appointments. The announcement is frankly made that all the Republican internal revenue agents are to go and their places are to be filled by Democrats. They are to be decapitated in batches of three, and the victims for next month are already selected. The three whose resignations were lately called for were expressly told that there was no reflection intended upon their efficiency or integrity, but that their places were wanted by Democrats. If this sort of thing is to be done it is well to have an end made of the sickening and hypocritical business of tripping up charges as pretexts for removal.

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The Judge proposes to assist the Grant Monument Fund by organizing a grand competition of word-building (making the largest number of words from a given sentence by transposing and using letters to suit the purpose), in using for the theme the sentence, "Who will be our next President?" and offering cash prizes to successful competitors, each of whom will have to pay fifty (50) cents on presentation of his competitive paper. The money received will be applied as follows:—

Twenty-five cents is at once credited to the Grant Fund.

The remaining twenty-five cents after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising names with the respective answers, etc., will be placed in a common fund to be equally divided among the six successful competitors, i. e., the six persons sending in the largest lists of words (proper nouns included) made from the sentence "Who will be our next President?"

The magnitude of the prizes will depend on the amount of money received, of in other words, on the number of competitors. Communications open until February 15, 1887, 12 o'clock.

This is not a new thing. In England large sums of money have been raised for charity by this method, and those who have participated and incidentally helped a worthy object have won a prize as high as \$10,000 as a reward for mental activity.

The names of competitors will be published from week to week in Judge as they may come in. This will not only serve as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, etc., but will also serve to show the weekly progress of the fund. Governing rules in this week's Judge.

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A BOOK OF TRAVELS

WRITTEN BY A MAN WHO HAD NEVER BEEN ABROAD.

Delightfully Realistic Descriptions of Places He Had Never Seen—Lost in Liverpool After Telling People All About It—Social Success.

The author of one of the most interesting books of European travel ever written is a gentleman who was never outside of New York city until after his book was published. After its publication the author paid himself the compliment of reading it, and it so interested him that he thought he would like to go to Europe. The work was in its eleventh edition and had made a great popular hit when the author bought a ticket on the White Star line and embarked for foreign lands. His ocean voyage and arrival in the old world were delightful, for he was a traveler who had never seen anything and to whom everything had the charm of novelty. After spending a year in looking upon things that he had described, this happy traveler, who wrote his impressions first and saw his sights afterward, embarked for home, and arrived in New York the other day on the steamship Adriatic.

He sat last night in a cozy uptown hotel by a crackling fire and chatted with a friend. After lighting a fresh cigar he said: "Yes, that book was a fake from beginning to end."

"How did you come to write it first and do your traveling afterward?"

"Well, one summer day, four years ago, when I was hard pressed and had not done anything for a week but a pun and a survey set of moral verses, for which I got \$1.50, though the moral alone was worth \$2.00 out of town publisher came to me and asked me to write a book on foreign travel. I told him I had never traveled 100 miles in my life. He said it didn't make any difference, as it was not necessary to travel to write a book. He asked me not to feel diffident, and said that he had never traveled himself. 'Well,' said I, 'if you've never been away from home, and I've never been away from home, the book may be ridiculous.' 'No,' he replied, 'they will look upon it as a new view of Europe.' The publisher then told me that he had a proof reader who had been a tramp in Europe, and who would correct any glaring mistakes I might make. We struck a bargain. I got all the money I could in advance and went to work."

"How could you describe what you had not seen?"

"I will tell you. I got no end of encyclopedias and guide books and photographs. I read seven or eight hours a day and made copious notes. I saw Europe through the eyes of fifty people. I collected a lot of petty facts of no interest to give realism to the work. Then I mapped out the book in a mathematical way and decided how much I would give to each part of my subject. Then I settled myself at a desk in my garret and went to writing. One of the difficulties was to get in rapport with my scheme. I wrote up Venice after a day's fishing on Sheephead bay. I spent two days in the Catskills before writing up the Alps. I wrote the chapter on an hour in the sultan's seraglio smoking an old corn-cob pipe in my garret and carrying on an innocent flirtation with a red headed girl in a tenement window opposite. When I wanted to write up the lazzaroni of Naples I went into Mulberry street and studied the Italians in the alleys and courts there. I went up to Jones' Wood and Wendell park to prepare to write up the beer gardens of Vienna and their German holiday makers. Before writing of the Malay sailors on the ships at London I visited the Malay colony in New York. Before I got through my book I discovered that New York was an epitome of Europe, and that I only had to take a street car to visit the nations of the earth."

"The book was a long and weary job, but at last I got through with it and sent it to the publisher. The proofreader took hold of it then. I believe that he had slept in every hedge and been in every jail and visited every interesting place in Europe. He made so many valuable corrections that four or five chapters of the book had to be rewritten. The book was rushed through the press, liberally advertised and put on the market three years ago. I had 'worked' the publisher for all he was worth while I was sending in the manuscript and was considerably ahead of him, and so that was the last I ever expected to hear of my astonishing travels. The book was favorably reviewed by the press, which said it was the work of an original observer, and that some of the descriptive passages were fine bits of realistic writing."

"The first edition brought me a dress-coat and one of those coffin shirt fronts. I found paragraphs in the newspapers speaking of me as the 'celebrated traveler.' I began to think that I was no longer a hack writer, but a man of letters, and when I received an invitation to a fashionable reception in Fifth avenue I got myself up regardless of expense, and concluded that I must be a literary artist. I found that my hosts were Hon. hunters, who had picked me up as a great traveler, not as a writer, and wanted to parade me as an evidence of their social success. I had never been in society, and no one could say anything about me; so no one could say I had never been to Europe. I thought I would carry out the farce. So I went to a score of tens and kettledrums that winter, where I was always meeting people who had been to Europe fifteen or sixteen times, and was ever in danger of exposing my ignorance. To avoid such a catastrophe I read up petty, out of the way places, barren of interest, where nobody had ever been, and when I got to a party and was pushed to the wall for an account of my travels, I would describe some by-path of Europe that no one had ever traversed, or some insignificant village that no traveler had ever seen."

"I found that this expedient, which I resorted to out of sheer desperation, greatly increased my reputation. The people said that I was as familiar with the remotest nooks and corners of Europe as ordinary travelers were with the most familiar places, like London and Paris. So the book of European travel went along booming, and had soon covered eight editions."

"One day, two years after it was written, and when I had quite forgotten it, I picked up a book in a friend's office and read it to kill time while I was waiting. It was a work describing travels in Europe, and I became very much fascinated by it. It interested me so much that I forgot that I wrote it, and soon had great faith in it, and resolved to go to Europe and see the sights I had described with my own eyes. The next week I was on board a steamer—the Adriatic—the same one, by the way, on which I have just returned."

"I hadn't been in Liverpool an hour before I was lost. One afternoon in London I found a tourist with my book in his

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Boston Post.

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ST. NICHOLAS

for 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton, several by each author.

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War stories for boys and girls. Gen. Budeau, chief of staff, Biographer, and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single combats or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture-gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy or girl of to-day took part.

The serial stories include "Juan and Juana," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Francis Courtenay Bayler, author of "On Both Sides," also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Academy, and "Hedderstone, or our Naval Academy," "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas-wells," with a number of striking pictures.

The subscription price of St. Nicholas is \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free) containing full prospectus, etc., etc.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

The Century is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and exceeding three hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

By his confidential secretaries, John G. Nicolay and Col. John Hay.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the inside history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration,—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, and which they might first appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

which have been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery); Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by General Howard; the siege of Vicksburg, by Gen. Grant; and the September of the War Series at a very low price. A specimen copy (back number) will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

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ON and after OCT. 11, 1886, trains will run as follows:—

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LEAVE Boston For Concord, Mass. at 7.50 a. m., 1.25, 4.25, p. m., Sunday 12.50, p. m. Return at 8.45 a. m., 12.55, 4.35, p. m., Sunday 9.02 a. m., 4.35 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Bedford at 6.45, 7.50, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 3.45, 4.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m., Return at 6.45, 7.50, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 3.45, 4.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Lexington at 6.45, 6.45, 7.50, 7.50, 8.25, 9.10, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 2.10, 3.45, 4.25, 5.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Arlington Heights at 6.45, 6.45, 7.50, 7.50, 8.25, 9.10, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 2.10, 3.45, 4.25, 5.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Arlington at 6.15, 6.45, 7.50, 7.50, 8.25, 9.10, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 2.10, 3.45, 4.25, 5.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Cambridge Junction at 6.15, 6.45, 7.50, 7.50, 8.25, 9.10, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 2.10, 3.45, 4.25, 5.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For West Somerville at 6.15, 6.45, 7.50, 7.50, 8.25, 9.10, 10.00, a. m., 1.30, 2.10, 3.45, 4.25, 5.25, 6.10, 9.10, 6.30, 10.15, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Lowell at 7.01, 10.15, 11.25, p. m., Sunday 12.50 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

LEAVE Lowell For Lexington and Arlington at 7.01, 9.30 a. m., 3.10, 5.35, p. m., C. S. MELLÉ, Gen'l Supt.

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A QUIET STREAM.

A quiet stream
Flowed through a level meadow—all day long
Its voice was heard in murmurous melody,
That half a whisper seemed, and half a song—
Yet no one paused to hear its harmony,
Or marked the brightness of its sunny gleam.
But where its course
Was half arrested by the rugged stone
It welled and bubbled till with new-born
power
It leaped the barrier, all its weakness gone—
Its spray ascending in a silvery shower,
Its onward way pursued with added force.
Its beauty then
The artist praised, the poet sang, until
Came many to admire the pretty scene,
Half marveling at the strength of such a hill—
A silver ribbon parting banks of green,
Swift as an arrow, deeper than their ken.
So we in life,
Unconscious of our strength may pass along,
Our silent efforts vain—our labor lost—
Content to rest unnoticed by the throng,
Whose paths in life our daily course have
crossed,
Till trouble comes to rouse us into strife,
Then we too pass
Through labor, power—from pain and wear-
iness
We learn the lesson that will make us strong,
Endow us with capacity to bless—
The world will listen to the stirring song,
Born with a soul replete with earnestness.
—Frances Lee Robinson, in *Birouac*.

THE LITTLE SPY.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

"Corporal, you trained as a detective, did you not?"

Colonel Cardonne was steadfastly regarding me with his keen, gray eyes.

"And acquired quite a reputation," I replied, with the customary salute. "It wasn't a local one, either," I added, with pardonable pride.

"Then you are the man I want," the Colonel rejoined, a grave look filling his face. "There is a spy in our midst and I expect you to arrest him."

Our armies were investing Vicksburg. The battle of Champion Hill had been fought, which placed us between the armies of Johnston and Pemberton without a possibility of their effecting a junction.

The Colonel told me why his suspicions had been aroused, and gave me a few clues, not about the culprit, but about his methods. He was communicating with the enemy by means of the Ya-o-o River or Chickasaw Bayou.

Within three days I captured the culprit, a boyish-looking fellow connected with the quartermaster's department.

He offered no protest, he made no denials; he was either a brave young fellow or else was supremely indifferent about results.

I took him before the Colonel, and when his eyes rested upon that officer I saw his face redden with surprise and confusion. He was smoothly shaven and that made the rush of blood more perceptible.

I related the circumstances of his arrest and his conduct under it, and presented certain papers which I found upon him; person. The Colonel and two members of his staff who were present at once decided that he was guilty.

"I see the name John Davis here. Is that your name?" demanded the Colonel.

"It is not," replied the spy. "However, I have been known by that name."

"What is your real name?" asked the Colonel.

"Delos Demarra," was the prompt, fearless reply, without a suspicion of evasion about it.

It was an odd name, but pleasing in sound, for he had pronounced it with rare distinctness.

Happening to look at the Colonel just then I noticed a change in his usually stolid face; it lasted scarcely a second, and yet I plainly saw it. I could not help but connect it with the flush that passed over the face of the spy.

I was confident, too, that the effect produced by the announcement of the name had not escaped the observation of the young man. Something like a smile stirred his lips, and there was a suggestion of reserved strength in it.

After a consultation between the Colonel and his staff, I was ordered to take the prisoner to the guard house.

That night, while in my tent, I became aware of the presence of an intruder. I was instantly on the alert, but instead of springing up, I remained quiet, and a minute later heard him step out into the moonlight. I walked noiselessly to the door and saw Colonel Cardonne pass out of sight. There was no mistaking his commanding figure and erect bearing.

"What did he want in my tent?" I thought.

Then it came to me like a flash. Stepping to the place where I kept the keys to the guard-house I found that they were gone. My curiosity did not abate.

"I am not responsible for what the Colonel may do," I muttered to myself.

I crept into my bunk and soon fell asleep. In the morning I found the keys in their place. I had not heard the Colonel return them, and almost felt like looking upon the affair as a dream.

A little later and it was known all over the camp that the spy had effected his escape. Of course the Colonel investigated the matter with a show of thoroughness, but without result, and by and by the case was forgotten.

One day, just as our brigade was about to go into action, I said:

"Colonel, a word with you, please."

He stopped and paid me respectful attention. He was a soldier in every sense of the word, but without arrogance.

"You did not call me to the witness-stand in that investigation," I said.

"What investigation?" he asked.

"In connection with the escape of the spy," I reminded.

"Oh," ejaculated the Colonel. "I did not know you had anything to tell."

"Ah, Colonel, I had a great deal to tell," I said. "I wasn't going to push myself forward. I held back for your sake. Colonel Cardonne, I saw you come into my tent and take the keys."

He was a little startled.

"Is that so?" he asked in a queer tone.

"Yes," I replied. "I shall never betray your secret, Colonel, but I am everlastingly curious to know what it all meant."

"Well, Corporal, so would I be," he said with a short laugh. "You have been very frank and very discreet, and I'll tell you all about it after the battle."

It was the 17th of May, and the battle which ensued was the battle of the Black River Bridge. The Colonel was wounded and was sent to the hospital.

In an engagement which occurred three months later, I was wounded, taken prisoner, and conveyed to a Confederate hospital.

There were several female nurses, one of whom was especially kind to me. She was clad in a soubrette's dress, but they did not detract from her loveliness. Her very presence did me good.

As I was unable to speak, my most trouble-some wound being in my cheek, I found my gratification in my watching her. I fell desperately in love with her, which was not an inexplicable occurrence to me, and possibly not to her, for she was conscious of her charms.

One morning I heard cannonading and noticed that it became suggestively distinct. The tide of war was surging that way and a tangible evidence of it came in the form of a shell which crashed through the roof of the hospital.

The fuse was still burning, and to my intense surprise and admiration my hand some nurse picked up the shell and flung it out of the window.

"We don't want the nasty thing in here—do we, boys?" she said.

A number of the wounded men clapped their hands in applause.

"You are a brave woman," I said.

"Why, Corporal," she exclaimed, coming to me, "those are the first words you have spoken since entering the hospital."

I was about to reply, but she cautioned me not to.

"Wait a few days," she said with one of her bewildering little smiles.

A week later I said to her:

"You called me 'Corporal.'"

"Yes," she replied; "your chevron designates your rank. You forget that."

"No, I don't. We have met before and you know it. For days I have been trying to conjecture. It isn't a fancy, I am sure."

"No, Corporal, it isn't," she said, with a repressed smile, a twinkle of mischief in her glorious brown eyes. "I am Delos Demarra. You once arrested me for a spy."

It dawned on me then, and I have no doubt my face expressed my surprise. I considered myself for not having at once recalled that sweet voice and smile and those calm, fearless brown eyes.

"I escaped, you remember," she reminded me, with a slight smile.

"Without a display either of nerve or sagacity on your part," I replied.

"Why do you say that?" she quickly asked, one dainty hand uplifted.

"Colonel Cardonne helped you," was my answer.

"Oh," she ejaculated, riffs of red and white crossing her face. "He told you so?"

"He got the keys of the guard-house from me," I replied.

I did not add that he had obtained them by stealth, he looked at me steadfastly, almost confidently, I thought—with a longing for me to say more.

"You are on the wrong side of this issue," I remarked.

"Well, we will not argue about it," she replied, with one of her charming gestures. "I entertain opinions, and you'll allow me to do that, I know. I'll nurse you, so that you can go home. You'll hold me no grudge for that, I am sure. I did the same for Colonel Cardonne."

"In a—Union hospital?" I asked.

"Why, to be sure," she replied.

"And he's gone North?"

"Yes. He'll be back though. Now we have talked enough, don't you think?"

Our next conversation was still more personal. I proposed marriage and told her my history and prospects, both of which were good. All was of no avail. She refused, kindly of course, but with hopeless positiveness.

"You love some one else," I said.

"That wouldn't be very strange, would it?" she asked, that soft, bewildering smile once more about her lips.

"Well, no," I disconsolately admitted.

The close of the war found me enjoying the rank of Colonel, while my friend, Colonel Cardonne, had been promoted to a General.

A few years ago I spent a week or two at one of our popular mountain resorts. While sauntering along a wooded path I met a sprightly miss of four or five summers. She had soft, questioning brown eyes, was prettily dressed and did not seem in the least shy. While I glanced around, wondering where her protectors were, I heard some one call out:

"Delos, darling! Delos!"

Oh, how that name thrilled me! Looking at the child again my emotion increased, for I recognized in her a strong resemblance to the woman whose hand I had sought in marriage. A minute later a vivacious, bright-faced, graceful young girl came in sight.

"I heard you call this sweet little thing Delos," I said, lifting my hat; "pray, what is her last name?"

"Cardonne," she answered.

"Ah," I ejaculated, my hand at my mouth to hide its nervous twitching. "The General and myself are old friends. Is he here?"

"Just beyond the bend in the path, sir," she said, with a courtesy.

I found the General seated beside his wife on one of the rustic benches. He gave me a hearty welcome and then introduced me.

"You have met before," he said, laughing. "You once arrested her for a spy."

"And she was guilty," I replied. "She afterward nursed me in the hospital."

"Oh, she did, eh?" exclaimed the General. "Why, Delos, you never told me."

"Didn't I dear?" she said, in an odd tone. "I supposed you knew. You told the Colonel that you released me."

"Why, no, I didn't!" declared the General.

"You admitted it," I reminded.

"Well, maybe I did," rejoined he, laughing.

Mrs. Cardonne was sociable with me; still she was reserved enough to show me

that she had not forgotten my passionate declaration of love.

"General," I said, as we walked back to the hotel together, "you promised to explain this to me."

"Explain what?" asked he.

"Your previous acquaintance with the—spy."

"Oh," he ejaculated. "Well, I believe I did promise. However, there isn't much in it. We were betrothed before the war, both being from the South. Then came the appeal to arms. I had been educated at West Point; I was a child of the State; I was in the regular army. I owed my country allegiance. My convictions of duty rose higher than my preferences; I espoused the Union cause. Delos, here, was a fiery little Southerner, and she broke the engagement, as she had threatened that she would. Loving her as I did I helped her out of the trouble caused by her arrest, and she repaid it by nursing me back to life. The war ended—so did our estrangement. Nothing very remarkable in all that was there?"

"It has satisfied my curiosity," I simply replied.

The young girl I met in the path was Mrs. Cardonne's sister. She is my wife now, and whenever I hear the name Delos it does not disturb me any more than the name Becky, Ann or Bridget would.—*New York Journal*.

Epitaphs.

A writer in the *Detroit Free Press* says:

"I noted the following epitaph in St. Botolph's Churchyard, Lincoln:

"Farwell, vain world, I have had enough of thee.
And now I'm careless what thou sayest of me.
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My care are past, my head lies quiet here.
What faults you've seen in me take care to shun.
And look at home, enough there's to be done."

The following is to be seen in Wolverhampton Church. Date, 1690:

Here lies the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate while he was able,
But once o'er fed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.

When from the tomb
To meet his doom
He rises and t-sinners,
Since he must dwell
In Heaven or hell,
Take him—wh-igh gives best dinners.

The following is from the interior of the Church of St. Peter, Mancroft, in Norwich:

"Here lyeth ye body of ye Susan Browne, ye last deceased of eleven children. Ye first ten interred before ye northern porch surviving. All descended from their surviving parents, John and Susan his wife. She sought a city to come, and upon ye thirtieth of August she departed hence and found it. Saluta Anno 1688. Placatus 19.
Here lies a single flower scarcely blowne:
Ten more before the northern gate are strowne.
Phoekt from the self-same stalke onely to be Translated to a better nursery."

One of the best epitaphs I ever saw is in Chatham Churchyard, where a man had buried two wives. After stating the name and age of the first he added:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

In a few years his second wife died, and following her name and age is:

"I called upon the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my trouble."

Lincoln and Army Deserters.

Horatio King writes thus to the *Magazine of American History* of Lincoln and army deserters:

While writing of President Lincoln I will relate another singular incident not generally known, I think, and which comes to me on undoubted authority. At the beginning of the war, often probably than later in the fearful struggle, sometimes on going into battle a soldier who had "never smelt gunpowder" would falter, shrink away and maybe throw down his arms, utterly unable from cowardice to proceed, thus rendering himself liable to the penalty of death. When these cases came before President Lincoln, and the necessity of making an example of such culprits was pointed out to him, he invariably pleaded off. By the way of convincing him not only of the imperative necessity of strictly enforcing the law as a restraining influence against cowardly instincts, but also of its reasonableness and justice, it was urged that the soldier, seeing before him two dangers—on the one hand sure death if he acted the coward, and on the other a reasonable chance of escape if he pressed forward in battle—he would naturally choose the lesser of the two, and thus save his honor at least, if not his life. But it was all to no purpose—Mr. Lincoln solemnly declaring that he never could consent to sign the death warrant of a soldier for failing to go where his legs refused to carry him; and he never did. He consigned to pigeon-holes, without his signature, scores if not hundreds of these cases, where they now lie buried at the War Department.

England's Poets Laureate.

The following are the names of the poets laureate of England and the time they occupied that office:

Edmund Spenser, 1591-1599.
Samuel Daniel, 1599-1619.
Ben Jonson, 1619-1637.
William Davenant, 1637-1668.
Interregnum.
John Dryden, 1670-1689.
Thomas Shadwell, 1689-1692.
Nahum Tate, 1692-1715.
Nicholas Rowe, 1715-1718.
Lawrence Eusben, 1718-1730.
Colley Cibber, 1730-1757.
William Whitehead, 1757-1785.
Thomas Wharton, 1785-1790.
Henry James Pye, 1790-1813.
Robert Southey, 1813-1843.
William Wordsworth, 1843-1850.
Alfred Tennyson, 1850.

—*Boston Globe*.

A Questionable Exit.

"Say, Joe, did the editor accept your poem on 'Beautiful Snow'?"

"No, Charlie. I went into the office on tip-toe—"

"Well that was right. An editor doesn't like to be disturbed. You showed him the poem?"

"I read it to him."

"And he declined it?"

"Yes."

"It must have been execrable."

"Well, maybe it was. I left the office on tip-toe."

"Which was right."

"I am not sure about that. I went out on the tip of his toe."—*Call*.

PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PENAL SETTLEMENT.

More than 10,000 Criminals Exiled Yearly—Political Prisoners—The Life Led by Exiles.

For nearly two centuries, writes Thomas W. Knox, in the *New York Star*, Siberia has been famous, or infamous, as a place of banishment for those who offend against the social or political laws of Russia. Peter the Great began the transportation of criminals to Siberia in 1710; previous to that date the country had been used as a land of banishment for officials whom the government wished to get out of the way without putting them to death, but the number of these deported individuals was not large. Ever since Peter's day the work of exiling criminals to Siberia has been kept up; the ordinary travel of this sort is about 10,000 annually, and sometimes it reaches as high as 12,000 or 13,000. Outside of this deportation is that of revolutionists, nihilists and others who offend politically rather than criminally, though any opposition to the autocratic power of the Czar is likely to be regarded as criminal in the eyes of the Russian government.

Sometimes the political prisoners are mingled with the criminals, but ordinarily they are kept apart. In former times the prisoners were compelled to walk to their destinations, and the journey from St. Petersburg to the regions beyond Lake Baikal, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles, occupied two years, and sometimes more, and many of the exiles died on the road from fatigue and privations. It was found more economical to transport the offenders in wagons or sleighs, or by rail and steamboat when possible, than to require them to walk, and for the last twenty years or more five-sixths of the exiles have been carried in this way. At points varying from ten to twenty miles apart along the great road through Siberia there are houses for the lodging of prisoners at night. They afford a shelter from the weather, but very little else, as they are almost always badly ventilated and very dirty, and occupants sleep on the bare floor or benches, without any other covering than the clothes they wear. Sometimes in summer the officer in charge of a convoy of prisoners will permit them to sleep out of doors at night, instead of entering the filthy stations, but in such a case he requires the personal promise of every exile in the convoy that he will make no attempt to escape, and he furthermore makes the whole party responsible for the individual conduct. Under such circumstances if one of the prisoners should violate his parole and run away, no further favors would be shown to the rest, and they would be put on low rations of food and otherwise punished. It is needless to say they take good care that the promise is kept. This privilege is accorded only to the convoys of political offenders. The criminal classes are not considered worthy of such confidence in their honor.

Prison life in Siberia is of many varieties, according to the offenses of different individuals and the sentences which have been decreed in their cases. The lowest sentence is to simple banishment for three years, and the highest to hard labor for life. The simple exile without imprisonment is appointed to live in a certain town, district or province, and must report to the police at stated intervals. He may engage in certain specified occupations, or rather in any occupation which is not on a prohibited list; for example, he may teach music or painting, but he may not teach languages, as they afford the opportunity for propagating revolutionary ideas. He may become merchant, farmer, mechanic, contractor, or anything else of that sort, and it not infrequently happens that exiles enjoy a degree of prosperity in their new homes that they did not have in European Russia. Exiles and their sons have become millionaires in Siberia; a former Vanderbilt of Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, was the son of an exile serf, his enormous fortune having been gained in the overland tea trade. Many exiles become so attached to Siberia that they remain after their term of banishment is ended, but it should be understood that their cases are the exceptions rather than the rule. The wife and immature children of an exile may follow or accompany him at the expense of the Government, but they cannot return to Europe until his term of service has expired. The name of "prisoner" or "exile" is never applied to the banished individuals; in the language of the people they are called "unfortunates," and in official documents they are termed "involuntary emigrants."

Of those sentenced to forced labor some are ordered to become colonists; they are furnished with the tools and materials for building a house on a plot of ground allotted to them, and for three years can receive rations from the nearest government station, but when the three years have expired they are expected to support themselves. If they were sent to the southern and therefore fertile parts of Siberia their lot would not be a severe one, but the most of these colonists are assigned to the northern regions, where the support of life from tilling the soil or from hunting and fishing is a matter of great difficulty. Those who are kept in prison and sentenced to hard labor are employed in mines, mills, foundries or on the public roads. Many of them wear chains, which extend from a girdle around the waist to each ankle, and effectually preclude the possibility of running away. Their life is a hard one, as their food is coarse and often limited in quantity. It is bad enough under kind-hearted overseers and Superintendents, and terrible where the masters are cruel, which happens altogether too often.

The Mean Thing.

Miss Clamwooper, who wears false tresses, but imagines nobody knows it, calls on her friend, Miss Snobblerly.

Miss Snobblerly—"Has Dobinsky finished your portrait?"

Miss Clamwooper—"I'll have to give him another sitting, so he can get the right color of the hair."

Miss Snobblerly—"If that's all, why don't you send it to him by a servant?"

—*Texas Siftings*.

It is charged that the doctors in the City of Mexico write their prescriptions in cipher, which can only be put up at a certain drug store.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

India rubber was brought to Europe from South America in 1730.

William Gea of Edinburgh first practiced the art of printing from stereotyped plates.

There is a "whistling well" on a farm in Clare County, Mich. It is 130 feet deep and whistles loudest just before a storm.

A check for one cent was drawn in New York by the government in favor of an importer who had paid excess of duty to that extent.

A boat containing fourteen persons has been successfully worked on the Seine with artificial wings acting on the air and propelled by a rotating wheel.

Birds of prey fly so swiftly and for such a length of times that a falcon once lost in the forest of Fontainebleau, in the centre of France, was found the following day at Malta, more than a thousand miles distant.

The "black stone of Mecca" is a colored stone contained in a small oratory of the Temple of Caaba at Mecca, Arabia. It is held in the utmost veneration by the Mohammedans as having been given by an angel to Abraham.

Canton, China, produces more than nine-tenths of all the fire-crackers used in the world. The principal manufacturers contract with the Chinese government for the services of convicts, paying at the rate of three cents a day for each convict. All the work is done inside the prisons.

In 1750 the pious people of New England were much alarmed by several young Americans getting up a theatrical representation of "Gaiety's Orphan." Some years later a company of actors from London played in New York and Philadelphia. They were excluded from Massachusetts by law.

The Hancock House was a famous old mansion which stood until within a few years in Boston. It was erected in 1737, and was the residence of Governor John Hancock (1781-1793). The Governors of Massachusetts with the Council were for a long period of years in the habit of dining in this mansion annually on Election Day. It was taken down in 1865.

In their search for the philosopher's stone, the old alchemists left untold a mixture of familiar or unfamiliar ingredients. An ancient work, entitled "The Gold-Maker's Guide," furnished this promising formula: "Take of the gall of a black tom cat, killed when the night approacheth, one part; of the brains of a night owl, taken from out its head when the morning dawneth, five parts; mix in the hoof of an ass when the tide turneth; leave it till it doth breed maggots; place it on thy breast-bone when the moon shineth bright—and thou wilt see a sight which the eye of mortal man ne'er beheld afore."

Precocious Bertie.

Little Bertie Miller, three years old, has long had a deep yearning to know what was inside the head of his sister's big doll. So, the other day, he found a tack hammer and, by the aid of that simple instrument, satisfied his curiosity.

"Oh, Bertie, cried his mother as the smash of china brought her to the scene of the experiment; 'how could you do it.' How could you do it, Bertie?"

"Easy," replied Bertie, with a bland and self-satisfied smile.

Like most children Bertie is full of policy and whenever he has reason to think that he is about to be scolded or punished he practices his most winning wiles to divert the attention or secure the favor of his mother. Not long ago the latter reproved him for pinching his kitten and said: "Now, I'm going to pinch you so you can see how it feels."

"Oh, mamma, cried Bertie, smoothing her cheeks affectionately. "What pitty feckles you have. Your feckles ain't back like most people's is."

But he got pinched all the same.

On another occasion, while the family doctor was making a visit in the house, Bertie stood at the window gazing fixedly at his horse, a very lean and sorry-looking animal.

"What are you thinking of, Bertie?" asked the doctor.

"I think your horse has such fat bones," he replied. "Dey so fat dey just tick out."—*Detroit Free Press*.

They Were Not Responsible.

A story is told of a groceryman of the shrewd old Yankee stock who, on several occasions, was surprised to find sums of money in his sugar. Where it came from was a mystery. It may have been hidden by slaves for a purpose, but for what it would be hard to say. The storekeeper, being too conscientious to keep the money without trying to find an owner, and likewise being very loth to give it up, hit on this plan to satisfy conscience and keep the money: Going to the merchants of whom he purchased the goods he inquired whether they were responsible for the sticks and stones and things that were in it.

"No, sir," was the reply, "you must take the sugar just as we receive it. We are not responsible for anything in the barrels." It is needless to say that the store-keeper did not press the matter.—*Boston Record*.

A Good Place for Coons.

The Northwestern road has just opened up a new branch into the lumber country of Wisconsin, and it appears from all accounts that the inhabitants up that way are not much acquainted with railroads.

"The queerest thing about the folks up that way," said a freight brakeman, "is that they don't catch onto the fact that cars are put on side-tracks only temporarily. At this season of the year the coon catching business is lively up that way, and the last trip we made up the new branch we pulled out seven cars, each one having nailed to its side one or more coon-skins, put up there to tan. It's a picnic for the boys, I tell you. Every one of us is just reveling in coon-skin overcoats, hats an' gloves."—*Chicago Herald*.

Getting Anxious.

"Ma," said Clara, "I think I'll have my new seal-brown suit trimmed with bows to match."

"Humph!" said the father, "you won't succeed."

"Why not, pa?"

"Well, none of your beaux seem to match."—*New York Sun*.

Spreading Eye Diseases.

To mention a few of the modes of eye disease contagion, I have to speak, in the first place, of towels, says a writer in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, especially of that alominable institution known as the roller-towel, which has been used so much in asylums where forty fifty or more children use the same towel, whether they have granular lids or not. True, in a great many of these cases the existence of granular lids was not known; but even in cases in which the existence of the disease was evident, the ignorance or carelessness of the persons in charge has allowed transmission by means of towels to be one of the most frequent sources of contagion. As a carrier of the contagion, the house fly plays an important role, especially in cases of young children who are not able to protect themselves against the visits of this little animal. Attracted by the sweetish odor of the discharge, it will settle upon the eyes of children affected with the disease, especially infants, and carry the contagion in its claws to the other eye or the eyes of the sleeping infants.

Bicycling Extraordinary.

An extraordinary bicycling race was recently decided in connection with the South Australian Cyclists' Union at Adelaide. It occurred in the final heat of the Walker handicap and the bicycle obstacle race. The conditions of the obstacle race were: First lap—To ride round, lift machines over five hurdles, mounting machines after getting over hurdles, except the last one, when you run to the centre of the oval, lie on your back and eat a roll. Second lap—Crawl through the bags under tarpaulin and through casks, run one hundred yards with bicycle, mount and finish lap in the saddle, dismounting opposite pavilion. Third lap—Run to centre of oval, put on coat and bell topper and ride to the scoring board at the south end, then across the oval and over the water jump, round the flag, on to the track, and finish. Enormous crowds witnessed this event, and the obstacle amateur champion was the hero of the hour in Adelaide cycling circles.

St. Jacobs Oil deadens pain and makes the lame walk. It is made of pure cod liver oil, San Francisco, Cal., was completely cured of rheumatism by its use.

A MIXTURE of beryls is a new find in Colorado. The beryl is already a well known mineral, the variety known as olden-beryl, and drank as precious stones only two plaes lower than diamonds. There are also other brilliant colors for find in this mine.

When irritation of the throat causes a tickling cough, use Red Star Cough Cure, which will effect immediate and permanent relief. One of Hov's Eye System of Health Officers recommends it as purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Price, 25 cents.

Is the State of Michigan it is claimed there are 10,000 barrels of salt water in the State of salt, operating under 2 and 4, 000 barrels. The manufacture of the salt water is 1,000,000 barrels, and the cost of 10,000 over 1888.

"It Keeps the Spots." And everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scurvy humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more or less than a rot of the lungs, complete or partial, the system of stimulants and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

The Centennial of Columbia College (New York) will be celebrated in April next.

"As Good as New." are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those doctors, she was cured by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." She began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatment recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

The "back mud" of Garland County, Ark., yields forty dollars in silver to the ton.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats, and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

In England the demand for American oysters far exceeds the supply.

How to Have Money. Wherever you live, you should write to Hall & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$100 a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hall & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once, and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to working-men.

The farmers, in their swamps, were sure, could find the roots and plants that cure; if by their knowledge they only knew. For just the disease case one grew. Take courage now and "Swamp-Root" try—(for kidney, liver and bladder complaints). As on this remedy you can rely.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

Out of the Fire.

Only those who have suffered from salt rheum in the worst form can know the agonies caused by this dreadful disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing salt rheum, as well as all affections of the blood.

"I owe the same gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla that I owe to his recovery from a burning boil. I was tormented with salt rheum, and had to leave off work altogether. My face, about the eyes, would be swollen and scabbed, my hands and a part of my body would be raw sores for weeks at a time, my flesh would seem so rotted that I could roll pieces from between my fingers as large as a pea. One physician called it type poison, and gave me medicine accordingly; but salt rheum cannot be cured in that way. Finally I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped me so much that I took a second and third bottle, and was entirely cured. I have not been troubled with salt rheum since."—A. D. ROBINSON, Hagar Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients.
Agent: C. H. CRISTANTO, New York.

OPIMUM HABIT CURED. Treatment sent on trial. **HUMAN REMEDY CO., Lafayette, Ind.**

OPIMUM HABIT CURED. Absolutely cured. **HUMAN REMEDY CO., Lafayette, Ind.**

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A "PHONE" EXCHANGE.

TROUBLES AND ANNOYANCES TO WHICH THE GIRLS ARE SUBJECT.

Young Women of Good Physique Less Liable to Get Confused While at Work. Business Methods in a Vocal Sensorium.

I visited the telephone exchange for the first time to-day. I found, as the door was opened, twenty comely young women sitting in a long row in easy arm chairs, before tables, with endless apparatus before them. That was the first fact that I grasped. The next one was that these girls were not shouting at all. There was a low, indistinct murmur, and that was all. As I approached nearer I could hear, in tones not much above a whisper, the ever monotonous "Hello! hello!" "No. 428." "Hello! hello!" "Yes!" "Good-by!" But one clear voice, in a good speaking tone, might have been heard plainly across that whole room above all the business of making the connections for over two thousand people.

THE GIRLS AT WORK.

Every girl had strapped upon her head, or at least held there by its own grip, an apparatus composed of crossed steel bands, which held a small telephone receiver to her ear. Before her, hanging by a long wire in just such a position as to hang exactly in front of her mouth, was the transmitter. Each girl leaned back in a comfortable attitude, and seemed entirely cool and unconcerned, while both hands were occupied in inserting wires with metal plugs at their ends into certain holes before her and pulling them out again. There were rows upon rows of these little apparatuses, and every one of them represented somebody's telephone number. Each girl takes care of a limited number of calls, which are signaled to her by the dropping of a little metallic tablet with the number of the caller's instrument upon it, but she has within her reach, in those little apparatuses that I have mentioned, every one of the telephone numbers within the radius of the exchange.

"These seem to be young women of excellent physique," I said to the superintendent, Mr. Carty, as he invited me to a seat by his desk.

"We insist upon that," said he, "we have found that girls of good physique, healthy young women, are much less liable to irritation and impatience, much less likely to get rattled, than those who are a little weak or ill. It is not that the work of inserting wires upon them so that only women of unusual physique can stand it, but that we must have operators who are likely to keep their tempers and maintain coolness of demeanor. Does it deafen them?" I know of but one case of an operator's hearing being affected, and that might easily have been from some other cause. They do not seem to suffer much nervously, though there was one case of hysteria here last week.

CALL FOR A SUBSTITUTE.

"One of the girls—that one with the slender figure and dark hair, near the end of the line—got confused and rattled, as we call it, over a series of vexatious, and asked to have a substitute placed in her chair. You see that we keep five substitutes in the room to relieve those who desire to be relieved at any time. Well, this young woman went into the girls' waiting room and had an attack of hysteria there. Not infrequently something occurs on the line—somebody gets impatient and loses his temper—which troubles the girls. They generally go into their room and have a good cry, and come back feeling better. They certainly seem to like the work, though the pay is only \$7 a week. The hours are not long, they sit all day, they are relieved when needed and the actual work seems to be agreeable to them."

There was a straining sound under the superintendent's table. He held the telephone receiver to his ear and talked through a movable transmitter on the table. "Certainly," he said in a low tone, "I will relieve you." He summoned a young woman from the window and motioned to her to take the chair of one of the operators. He had been talking with one of the girls not fifteen feet away over the telephone. She could have spoken to him through the air by turning her head, but it would have made a little noise and confusion in the room, and this modern tower of Babel, this vocal sensorium of a whole city, is as quiet as a public library reading room. The substitute girl took the other's place, two "calls" came tumbling down at the same instant, and somebody was undoubtedly vexed because he was not answered for an instant while she was making the other connection. But it takes but an instant.

"We like to have people who have telephones come up here," said the superintendent. "It gives them an idea how the thing is done, and we notice that they seldom get impatient in the use of their telephones afterward." Certainly these girls were not trifling with their work. The superintendent by merely putting an instrument to his ear can hear every word that passes between any operator and the people with whom she talks, and that seems an almost unnecessary restraint. Vexation makes the work harder for the operator, and she avoids it. Women are found to be better operators than men, though boys must be employed at night, and that is why the day service is better than that of the night.—Boston Post.

A Study in Shoes.

It is to be feared, on the whole, that the unfeeling people who say that Artie was spoiled and had no bringing up may not be far wrong. Nevertheless he had two aunts. For reasons of his own he called them respectively "Vevvy" and "Pitty Baby."

Pitty Baby was a weak coxer, but Vevvy was a great disciplinarian and a firm believer in the application of the slipper.

One morning in particular the Slipper Sonata was going on in her room, with a wild accompaniment of juvenile reminiscence very trying to the hearts of Pitty Baby and Bridget, outside the door with tears in their eyes and fingers in their ears.

Presently, when justice was satisfied, the dear little culprit was released, howling like a dervish, and banging open the door, he burst upon the two outside.

"Och, darlin'," said Bridget, "what- ever in this world did she do to you, sir?"

"She whipped me," roared Artie, "with Pitty Baby's red shoe, and it hurts worse than any shoe in this house."—Boston Record.

It is estimated that over \$500,000 has been spent in unsuccessful attempts to establish newspapers in Portland, Ore., during the past twenty years.—Chicago Times.

The great bulk of cheap pocket cutlery is punched in dies from sheet steel. Good cutlery is hand forged.

NINETY YEARS AGO.

A Daily Newspaper Which Began Work Nearly a Century Ago.

The Commercial Advertiser was born as a daily paper in the year 1797, and during the long interval since it has punctually appeared in the homes of its friends in the evening of every secular day. This must be consequently about the 270,000th number of the journal. Our contemporaries are all, with one exception, the merest babes in arms compared to us; but we pat them on the back all the same, hoping they may be good boys and attain ultimately a venerable age like ours; while, for the exception among them, our near neighbor, The Evening Post, we are glad to see how hale and hearty looking it is at its time of life.

We began our work at the close of Washington's administration, and have had our say of all the fifteen administrations that have followed, praising some and condemning others. The federal government, when we first saw the light, was at Philadelphia, whither it took two days by coach to travel, and the state government, as now, at Albany, which we reached in a week through mud or dust on the banks of the Hudson. Fulton's first steamboat came only ten years afterward to navigate that noble stream at the stupendous rate of four miles an hour. The Erie canal, which put the city into connection with the great west somewhere near Buffalo, was still twenty years off; it was thirty years before the railroad appeared, and forty before the first ocean steamer, while if anyone had predicted those fantastic contrivances, the telegraph and the telephone, he would have been sent at once to a lunatic asylum.

New York had then less than 60,000 inhabitants, its northern boundary was about Chambers street, and all beyond was orchard and green fields, with here and there an isolated farm house. Up on the river lay Greenwich village, a sort of summer resort, whither the richer sort repaired as a refuge from the yellow fever, which was a not infrequent visitor. We crossed the river in porters, as they were called, and afterward in horse boats. Hoboken was scarcely a hamlet, and where Brooklyn is the little boys used to gather nuts or to trap squirrels. All our readers of that day are long since dead, and but few of their descendants are living. Even the great family names of the period, which had swayed the nation in colonial times—the Stuyvesants, the Livingstons, the Blandfords, the Morrisses, the Coldens and others—have left few representatives, and are rapidly disappearing before more plebeian growths and the influx from the old world. Where their children sported in the ancient days we hear only a foreign tongue, the German, the Italian or the French, and what were forests and fields to them are to us densely crowded tenement houses and long lines of shops.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Judge David Davis' Caution.

Among President Arthur's papers there is doubtless a note which he once received from David Davis which amused him very much. It was a brief and formal letter, but the peculiar thing about it was that Mr. Davis signed his name so close to the last line that nothing could have been written between the lines. Arthur thought it a very unconventional signature, especially as at a hasty glance it might be overlooked. But he learned that Judge Davis always signed his name thus, to prevent any one from filling in anything in the customary blank space. It appeared that when he was a judge in Illinois a suit was brought before him to test the validity of a note. The ostensible maker admitted that the signature was his, but swore he never made the note; and it was developed on trial that some casual had taken advantage of a blank space between the termination of a letter and the signature to fill in a note of hand, which he got discounted. The judge, who was a very cautious man, took a hint from this, and ever afterward signed his own name so as to prevent such improper use of it.—New York Sun.

Superstition in Alaska.

Some curious superstitions are also to be noted. If a person is sick, iron tools, such as axes or knives, cannot be used in the house. Upon a man's grave his sled is placed, but broken to pieces, and his kayak meets similar usage. Furs, spears and rifles are also deposited, while if the individual has killed many whales the long jaw bones of the balena are placed in an upright position to mark the spot. Those people bury their dead upon the ground, raising a number of pieces of driftwood in the shape of a tent over the remains. Owing to this insecure mode of burial the wood soon falls down and affords entrance to foxes and dogs, which make havoc with the body. But little regard is paid to the burial places, although these mounds are very much incensed whenever attempts are made to take away any skulls or bones from the graveyards. They also make a long detour in passing the resting place of the dead, and will on no account touch anything once deposited at a burial.—San Francisco Call.

A Chicago Barber's Scheme.

In a dingy little basement on West Madison street works from early morn till late at night an honest barber. He shaves for ten cents, cuts hair for twenty, burns oil lamps for economy's sake, and is not getting rich. But he means to be rich some day, just the same. Who, on that sunny side of 40, does not, for that matter? But not every one has plans thereof so well defined as this honest barber in the dingy basement.

"I will be rich some day," he said to a customer, proudly, "and I don't mind telling you how I am going to get there. Just as soon as I can save enough money I mean to rent an entresol platform in the front of some State street store, place my chairs therein, and arrange mirrors in the back end of the ceiling, so that men may sit in my shop and gaze upon the passing throng without. Then I'll charge double prices for work, and live in a house on the avenue, an' ride to my shop in a kerridge. Do you hear me?"—Chicago Herald.

A Suggestion for the Ballet.

The ministers of Detroit collectively have denounced the ballet as immoral. While all people may not agree with the clergy in this case, we'd like to find some one who can gainsay Dr. Rexford's argument: "If boys, instead of girls, were employed for the dancing the ballet would cease in a single season. It is sustained by the sensuous element in human nature. It is not, let the boys take the place of the girls with as much grace as they, and see how long it will survive."—Detroit Free Press.

She Scarcely Heard Him.

"Maggie's mother asked me to kiss him, mamma." "Well, of course, you did not?" "No, I didn't hear 'im." "Then how do you know he asked you?" "Well, I didn't hear him on'y dus a little bit! I didn't hear 'im 'nuf to go to 'im, mamma!"—Boston Commonwealth.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

"Is life worth living in these pallid days? When all the earth is pulseless, thirsting gold? Why are we shrunken from the weight of old? When men would die for glory's twining bays?"

So sang a maiden with a trumpet's ear And lip that pealed a poem with each word. "What life is this we live and die unheard? Beneath a silent and too sunny sky?"

"Were it not better to have lived in Greece, And heard Demosthenes strike Philip dead? With words that scared the lustre of his crown, And wrote red war across the brow of peace?"

"Were it not better to have lived in Rome, When Caesar, with insatiable blood, Carved out a path through every hill and glade, Until he made the fright and world his home?"

"Were it not better to have lived and died, Be one man full upon such life days, If the world had learned such coward ways? Is life worth living now?" she sadly cried.

"Truly I cannot tell thee that, my sweet! I said, 'but here's an answer meet for thee: Life then or now were worth the world to me, If but I lived it lying at thy feet.'"

—W. J. Henderson.

Mortality Among Congressmen.

The mortality in the present congress alone, without counting others in prominent positions, has been frightful. Senator Logan makes the thirtieth member of the whole body and the third senator to die within a year. Members of the house are beginning to get a little frightened about the unsanitary condition of the beautiful chamber in which they sit, which a late report has emphasized. As the case was in the good old days, when architects built Greek temples for workshops without taking into consideration that the climate of modern America and ancient Greece were about as unlike as could be imagined, the Capitol was planned solely with a view to looks. The acoustics are bad, except in the supreme court room, and as for the air in the house it is something fearful. It was supposed that large fans, pumping thousands of cubic feet of air in the hall would purify it, but the air is drawn from below and merely brings up all the damp and mold and sepulchral atmosphere of the crypt, where coal and wood and ashes and millions of pounds of old paper are stored. The blame for this state of affairs cannot be laid on the present architect, who has palliated as far as possible all that can be palliated in a radically wrong system. The building had to be lighted, heated and ventilated without the slightest real provision being made for any in the original plan.—New York Mail and Express.

Von Bulow's Joke.

On another occasion Von Bulow confessed to me that he wanted to make a joke. This time all was open and above board. He wished to do a service to his agent, one Wertheimer, and he thought he could best do it by writing and publishing a comic song by the classed Von Bulow would be sure to have an immense sale, and Wertheimer would reap a large profit from it. Words were wanted, and Von Bulow asked me to write him a few humorous stanzas, of which the burden or catch word was to be "A little more ginger!" then, I believe, a popular slang term. I wrote and delivered the words, and Von Bulow told me to call upon him the next day to hear the wedding of my words to music by him. I went, and after the composer had told me of his success in finding a tune he sat at the piano and played it. Never did I hear a more cramped, unmelodious and unsingable melody, and the pianoforte accompaniment bristled with difficulties, requiring a skill no less than his own to play. I was amazed—speechless! "Well," he said, turning on the piano stool, "what do you think of it, poet?" I told him with the most perfect frankness that the voice part of his musical joke was unsingable and the piano part unplayable. "My dear fellow," he said, with something of pity in his tones, "that is the joke!"—Boston Gazette.

Peculiarities of Sea Phrases.

Take, for example, "inboard" and "aboard." You say of a man entering a ship that he has gone "aboard her," of a boat hanging at the davits that it must be swung "inboard." There is a nice little difficulty of discrimination, but it is fixed, nevertheless. You would not say of a man in a ship that he is "inboard," nor of davits that they must be slewed "aboard." So of "aft" and "abaft." They both mean the same thing, but they are not applied in the same way. A man is "aft" when he is on the quarter deck or poop. You could not say he is "abaft." But suppose him to be beyond the mizzenmast, you would say "he is standing just abaft the mizzenmast," not "he is standing aft it." Peculiarities of expression abound in sea language to a degree not to be paralleled by the eccentricities of other vocational dialects. A man who sleeps in his bunk or hammock all night or through his watch on deck "lies in" or "sleeps in." But neither is applicable if he sleeps through his watch below.—W. Clark Russell in Contemporary Review.

The Glare of the Footlights.

You would be surprised to know how many girls and women there are in the city who depend upon the ballet for their existence. The majority of them are unfitted for any other kind of work, and although they continue to just about keep the wolf from the door by odd jobs of sewing, their condition this year is truly deplorable. The glare of the footlight has spoiled them for the burlesome life of a seamstress, a certain false pride prevents them from accepting what they regard as menial employment, and so the poor wretches starve and wait for better times. Some of them are married women with children, but as a rule, their husbands are drunkards, and in the spectacular season live on the earnings of their wives. When there is no spectacular season, want and discontent enter the little household. There is more misery hidden under the pink tights and glittering bodice of a figurante than is dreamed of in the philosophy of theatre goers.—New York Sun.

A Policy Player's Superstition.

A man was killed on the railroad near Pittsburg the other day, and his body brought to the city. In lifting the mangled remains from the baggage car a silver watch, still running, fell from the vest pocket. One of the railroad employees grabbed it, opened the blood stained case, pulled out a pencil and took the number. "What are you doing that for?" he was asked. "Policy," he tersely replied. It is a popular superstition among policy players that the number of a watch found on a man dying a violent death is sure to come out.—New York Sun.

Mr. Parnell's Mail.

Mr. Parnell's burdensome mail is said to be the heaviest cross of his leadership. Men write to him on any or all subjects, and if he were to attempt only to read his letters it is asserted that he would have no time for other work or even to eat or sleep.—New York Graphic.

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—Hon. Geo. D. Robinson, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, has opened a law office at Chicopee, Mass., taking into partnership his son, Walter S. Robinson.

—Prompt payment of subscriptions is requested. They may be forwarded by mail and on receipt of same a receipt will be forwarded to the subscriber.

—The coming event will doubtless be a January thaw. Have you cleaned out the gutters of your houses? If you have not, beware of leaking walls.

—The gutters were cleared out on Monday afternoon by the town machine in anticipation of a thaw.

—Rev. Carlton A. Staples delivered a lecture in the church of the First Parish on Sunday evening. The subject of Mr. Staples' address was "St. Paul, his character and work."

—A party of gentlemen, members of the Lexington Knights of Honor lodge, participated in a sleigh ride to Waltham, on Saturday evening of last week, and visited their order in that city and witnessed the working of the order at the regular meeting of the Waltham Lodge.

Again we wish to call the attention of the public to our well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries. We spare no pains in the selection of our goods, and can warrant every article to be first class, and marked to sell at the lowest cash price. We have at all times a good supply of the finest fresh made creamery butter, also a good stock of Crockery-ware, all kinds of Kennedy's Goods, Canned Goods, Grain of all kinds, and in fact everything that goes to make up a full assortment for a first class country store. Call and examine our prices and be convinced that we sell as low as the lowest.

C. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

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Expressing & Jobbing.

Prompt and Personal attention given to all work entrusted to my care.

Order Boxes at Boston Branch Store, Depot and C. A. Butters' Grocery.

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Makes a specialty during the season of entertaining social gatherings and

SLEIGHING PARTIES.

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WANTED!

That the people of Lexington and vicinity should know that

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has a place of business in town and will promptly attend to all orders received for

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As I do my own work, will warrant all work.

My prices are as cheap as the cheapest. Favor me with a call.

Stoves, Furnaces & Ranges

Cleaned, repaired and For Sale.

Stoves Stored. All kinds Tinware made

To Order.

Shop Main St., adjoining Town Hall, Lexington.

Order boxes at Post office, and East Lexington.

Jan 23

Geo. E. Muzzey,

DEALER IN

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LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, etc. also

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Agent for Bradley's, Childrens' and Pacific Gunno Co's

Fertilizers of all kinds,

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Doors, Windows, Sashes, Blinds,

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Patent WEATHER STRIPS for

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BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY,

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CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

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—Mr. James Russell, proprietor of the Russell House, has left Jacksonville, Fla., and is now quartered at Los Angeles, California.

—The latter part of last week being so stormy, a number of sleigh ride parties were obliged to postpone their rides to Lexington.

—The Rev. Mr. Walker, of Carlisle, addressed the audience gathered at the Baptist church on Sunday evening.

—A party of young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a sleigh ride on Saturday evening, the party being gotten up by Charles Butters.

—No date has as yet been decided on which to present the entertainment to be given under the direction of the gentlemen of the Unity Club.

—The "Ladies' Choral Society," under Mrs. Holt's direction, will give a concert at an early date. Further notice in next week's issue.

—Large numbers of sleigh ride revelers have been entertained both at the Monument and Massachusetts Houses.

—Mr. A. U. Grozier, who has been the agent for the U. S. & Canada express company for some time has resigned and his vacancy has been supplied by Mr. W. H. Harvey, of Waltham.

—The annual meeting of the Lexington Fire Department occurs the last Thursday of this month instead of the last Thursday of February, as has been previously stated.

—Mr. Frank B. Butters is in receipt of a commission coming from Governor George D. Robinson, appointing him justice of the peace. This makes Mr. Butters' second appointment to the office.

—Mr. L. A. Saville, wife and daughter start to-day for a trip to Washington, D. C., where they will spend a week enjoying the many attractions of the nation's capital. They will be members of the Raymond excursion.

—The first train to arrive at Lexington on Tuesday was the 8.20 train from Boston, which reached Lexington at 9.20. This train brought the mail, which, in consequence of the delay, was late in being distributed.

—The delay of the trains on Tuesday was caused by the icy condition of the railroad tracks, and to add to the difficulty, the snow plow was derailed at Lake street, Arlington. The principal difficulty was at Arlington centre crossing, the engine being incapable of getting the trains beyond the bend.

—We had noticed the threatening aspect of the snow which had collected on Norris Block and looked as though it might fall at any moment on the heads of passers-by and the result be a serious accident. The danger has been averted, however, by Mr. Royce, who took it on himself to clear the roof of the overhanging ice and snow.

—Tuesday was observed by the members of the Baptist church as a day of fasting and prayer. Services were held in the church at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon and at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m., all of which were well attended. Special interest has been manifested in the meetings of this church of late, which will result in a large number being added to the church membership.

—The petition which was referred to last week in favor of material aid for providing for schools as a means to check the growing illiteracy in the country, especially in sections of the South, is being numerously signed, we are told. The paper has been circulated by Mrs. Worcester, of this town, and has had the endorsement of prominent citizens.

—Several of our citizens who are members of the 12th (Webster) Regiment attended the annual reunion and dinner of that organization on Tuesday. The meeting was held in Chapel Hall of Tremont Temple, and after the business meeting and annual election of officers a fine dinner was enjoyed, prepared by Caterer Tufts. Music was furnished by the Lotus Glee Club and other artists.

—The recent scare in regard to a coal famine has started quite a boom in the coal business even in our quiet town. Our local dealer says he has enough to supply his customers, if sold with discretion, until March. The tie-up affects him much less than it does most of the other dealers, as he was fortunate enough to have his coal sheds well filled.

—An occurrence which gave unwonted life and animation to our main street, in the centre, was the escape of three hogs from a drove on its way to Jackson's slaughter-house, Monday afternoon. The hogs and their drivers seemed to be of different minds and both equally obstinate in having their own way, and no

little amount of fun was created by the ridiculous spectacle of man pitted against hog. One immense porker was particularly stubborn, and was only conquered at last by being hauled into a puny by means of a rope, but not until the rope had slipped off of the animal several times and precipitated her tormentors to the ground. The puny at last drove off with a flourish amid the hurrahs of small boys.

—The rehearsals of the gentlemen's Choral Club are still being held and decided progress being made under their efficient director, Prof. Eph. Cutter. It is proposed to give a concert at a future date when the progress made will be shown.

—An organization to be known as "Lend a Hand Society" is to be formed by the young ladies of the Unitarian Society. A meeting of those interested will be held at Miss N. H. Parker's, Muzzey street, on Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 4 p. m.

—Grand good times have been enjoyed by the young people the past week on the toboggan slide on Oakland street. Wednesday evening a large number participated in the sport and the scene was illumined by the light from lanterns placed along the line of the coast.

—Several improvements have been in the church edifice of the Baptist denomination of late, among which are the adding of two dressing rooms leading off of the Baptistry which will come into convenient use on the occasion of baptisms. Mr. Hendley is doing the carpenter work.

—Parties from Boston, Everett, Medford and Arlington have been entertained at the Massachusetts House so far this week. All these parties have been made up of large numbers and the week as summed up has been a successful one for the house.

—The annual installation of the officers of the George G. Meade Post 119, G. A. R., took place at the headquarters of the Post on Thursday evening, the regular evening of meeting. Past Commander, L. G. Babcock performed the duties of installing officer in a graceful manner, and the following is the list of the officers: Sr. Vice-Com., A. A. Sherman; Jr. Vice-Com., J. N. Morse; Q. M., O. B. Darling; Chap., W. B. Foster; O. D., C. G. Kauffmann; Sergt., S. Butters; Q. M. Sergt., A. Moulton. Commander Harrington declined to serve another year and the Post commander will consequently be elected at the next regular meeting.

—The concert given in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, was a decided success musically and quite a sum was also netted for the benefit of the church for colored people to be built in Boston, for which object the concert was given. The singing by the Lew Quintet is to be especially commended, each member possessing fine voices, which they handled with the skill of artists. Tenor solos were rendered by Messrs. J. B. Stanton and C. F. Fuller, who rendered attractive music in an entertaining manner. Messrs. G. H. Barrett and M. H. Hodges are possessed of deep and rich bass voices and rendered a series of solos with much effect. An amusing feature was the comic songs and hits given by Mr. W. E. Lew. The event was well attended and is spoken of as one of decided merit.

—Michael Barry, while at work in company with Joseph Luce cutting ice on Simonds' Pond, last week, got into a quarrel with his companion and was kicked in the abdomen, inflicting such serious injury that he was taken to the hospital and it was feared his injuries were fatal. We learn this week that the injured man is improving and will recover, but it will probably be some time before he is able to attend to his duties once again. There will be no prosecution in case of the man's recovery, as both men were equally to blame, the assault being mutual. It was a most unfortunate affair, but one which it is hoped will serve as an example to restrain turbulent spirits. It is an easy matter to pick a quarrel but not so to avert consequences, which are often fatal to both the assailed and assailant.

East Lexington Items.

Genuine old-fashioned winter, zero weather and plenty of snow, so that our stone walls are for the most part obliterated. The snow and cold are both conducive to health, and the merry sleigh bells add cheerfulness to the dreariness of winter.

Messrs. Litchfield and Pierce are both happy. The former has ample opportunity to lay up treasures in his store house for the summer, while the latter finds plenty of demand for all his supplies, and the people can't help wishing that the coal strikes would come in the summer.

Dramatics on the way. Look out for them in February, if they don't get frozen before they reach us.

We solicit a prompt renewal by subscribers. It will aid us in many ways.